

# THE LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 326.—VOL. XIII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1866.

[PRICE 4d.  
Stamped, 5d.]

Mr. Bright at Manchester.  
Prussia.  
Messrs. Overend, Gurney, & Co.,  
Limited.  
Kidnapping Under the Law.  
The Statute Book.  
The Adulteration of Food.  
Perjury.  
"Cadgers" Cherished by the State.

Literary Black Mail.  
The London Cabs.  
An American "Pow-Wow."  
The Bird in Season.  
"Ours."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS:—  
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—  
The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—  
The Life of General "Stonewall"  
Jackson.  
Extremes in Religion.  
Indian Reminiscences.

The Dante Festival.  
Dr. Austin's Guests.  
Wealth and Welfare.  
German Literature.  
Short Notices.  
Literary Gossip.  
List of New Publications for the  
Week.

## MR. BRIGHT AT MANCHESTER.

THE "skyeey influences" which have lately weighed so severely upon lesser men, seem to have told upon Mr. Bright. His recent speech at Manchester was certainly not up to his usual mark, and, although it contained more than one forcible and striking passage, it was as a whole wanting in freshness, and in the highest qualities of an eloquence never so conspicuous as when displayed on the platform of a large public meeting. He said little that he had not said—and said quite as well—on previous occasions. At the same time, we readily admit that there are some arguments in favour of a considerable measure of Parliamentary Reform which can scarcely be stated too often, and which, even at this late period of the controversy, it is not superfluous to impress upon the public mind. It is, no doubt, easy to sneer at those who find a reason for the extension of the suffrage in the broad fact that, out of 7,000,000 of adult males in the United Kingdom, only 1,250,000 possess the suffrage. But such a state of things evidently involves the broadest discrepancy between the theory and the practice of the Constitution, and can only be defended—if it be defensible at all—on the ground that the safety of the State absolutely requires that our institutions should rest on this narrow and limited basis. Whatever may once have been the case, this is not so now. Notwithstanding the growth of wealth, knowledge, and intelligence amongst the people, the proportion of voters to the whole adult male population is smaller than it was thirty years ago; and in spite of any number of ingenious theories of government, of representation, and of the balancing of classes, every one who takes a practical view of the subject must see that this result is utterly inconsistent with the general tendency of the age, and that it is one which cannot be permanently accepted by the nation. Nothing can be more certain than that, when a portion of the community which has been weak becomes strong, it will demand and insist upon an amount of constitutional influence proportionate to its present power, and not to its former importance. It is, at least, equally certain that the more respectable, cultivated, and highly paid of the unenfranchised classes do at present exercise indirectly a very substantial and a growing influence in the State, and, under these circumstances, the true question is not so much as to the propriety of admitting, but as to the possibility of excluding them. Sooner or later they must force their way within the pale of the Constitution, for the one sufficient reason that, whenever they choose to exert it, they have the power to do so. The present governing classes may, by resistance, convert Reform into Revolution, and may expand moderate into extortionate demands; but, however strongly they may wish to retain a monopoly of privilege, they cannot permanently do so after they have ceased to possess a monopoly of influence. In the face of a movement such as that which is now on foot, they have no other choice than between a capitulation on terms or at discretion. They have already allowed an opportunity to escape of making an arrangement on terms which must be accounted almost ridiculously easy when it is remembered that they would, on an outside estimate, have conferred a vote upon no more than 200,000 of the five millions who are now unenfranchised; and they will certainly do well to close with the next offer which may be made to them by those who have the power to effect a settlement of this

question. It is, indeed, not merely in the number of voters as compared with population that our Constitution falls short of its high pretensions. Even within its present narrow limits our representation is far from popular in character. To a great extent it is a mere delusion. Out of the million and a quarter who have votes, Mr. Bright showed that the counties have 750,000, and the boroughs 500,000. Now, every one knows that, with few exceptions, the territorial interest, on the one side or the other, returns the county members; that the distribution of seats in the boroughs is so contrived that 79,000 electors, in towns with fewer than 20,000 inhabitants, return 215 members, while 485,000 electors in the larger and more independent towns only send 180 members. It is all very well to "pooh-pooh" figures of this kind by saying that at most they disclose "anomalies." But the "anomaly" which they involve is so great that it goes directly to the root of anything like real representation in the country. Even if we doubted whether, upon grounds of expediency, it was desirable to extend the suffrage, and to alter the redistribution of seats, we should be convinced of the futility of attempting to maintain such a system as we have described, against any strong pressure from those who suffer by its injustice. Now, there can, we think, be no doubt that such a pressure will be applied to Parliament in the next session. We have of late heard little about the redistribution of seats; but the proceedings of the election commissions will probably restore that part of the Reform question to its old position. The people have taken a long time to move, but they are at last stirred. The present agitation is a reality and not a sham, and under these circumstances both the enemies and the friends of Reform would do well to ponder upon the figures offered (not for the first time) to their consideration by Mr. Bright. The longer the passing of a Reform Bill is delayed, the nearer it will approximate to such a measure as is suggested by the figures we have quoted. For every step that is taken in the direction of manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts beyond the Government Bill of last year, the Conservatives and Adullamites will have themselves, and themselves alone, to thank.

We can go along with Mr. Bright far more readily when he argues than when he recurs with wearisome repetition to Mr. Lowe's unfortunate speech. It was quite right to use that address as an incentive to action on the part of the working classes. Reformers would have thrown away a great advantage had they not used the weapon which an enemy thrust so opportunely into their hands. But it has now served its turn. The working classes have been roused, and the agitation is fairly on foot. That being the case it would be far better to drop a mere argument *ad hominem*, and trust the success of the movement to the positive and substantial reasons which may be so abundantly urged in its favour. It is said, indeed, that it is not against Mr. Lowe, but against the Conservative party who adopted his words by cheering them, that it is now sought to keep these expressions in perpetual remembrance. But the Conservatives have disavowed their concurrence in them, in the only sense in which they are offensive, and we do not see the advantage of trying to tie down a great party to opinions which they repudiate. To do so imparts a needlessly bitter and personal character to the inevitable conflict, while it tends to make bystanders think that there must be a want of solid arguments when so much use is made of a mere moral



blister. It is an unfortunate characteristic of Mr. Bright that he cannot dispense with an actual flesh-and-blood antagonist. Mr. Cobden could contend against abuses, and confine his denunciations to errors. The member for Birmingham must have either an individual or a class as the object of his invectives; and, although this gives point to his speeches, it often tends to arouse and intensify opposition, which would have slumbered or relaxed under a more conciliatory course of treatment. This habit of cultivating, rather than repressing, personal hostility, often leads Mr. Bright into still more serious errors, and we think it has done so on the present occasion. We have no great expectation that the present Government will introduce a good Reform Bill. But they are at least entitled to a fair trial. It is precipitate, and it savours of foul play, to attack them before they have had an opportunity of declaring their policy, or showing how far the responsibilities of office may have converted them to popular principles. On this point there is a wide difference between the language of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright. While the latter dwells with bitter force upon the multiplied failures and blunders of Lord Derby's political life, in order to show that no good can possibly come out of Knowsley, and winds up with the vehement declaration, "If you like, you may trust your life to your most bitter foe, but I will not do so if I know it," the former went out of his way at Salisbury to promise a fair consideration to every measure which Mr. Disraeli might introduce. We believe that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer is by far the better counsellor. If the Ministry bring in no Bill at all, they may be thrown out on that distinct ground; but if they do bring in a Bill, it ought to be dealt with on its merits. Surely the Liberals in the House of Commons may be trusted to discover whether it is or is not an honest or a juggling measure. If it be the former, why should it not be passed? if it be the latter, it can always be amended or thrown out. Considering how amenable to pressure the Tories are when in office, we may take it as certain that they will go much further on the Treasury than on the Opposition Bench; and if we gain nothing else by giving a hearing to their proposals, we shall at least derive these advantages from it—that the distance between us will be sensibly narrowed, that a good deal which is now hotly contested will probably be quietly given up, and that weak Liberals will be brought to see that it is better after all to go heartily with their own party, seeing that the Tories are as powerless as the Whigs to save them from the bugbear of Reform. Adopt, if you will, a watchful, nay, even a suspicious, attitude towards Lord Derby and his colleagues; but it does not seem to us good policy to prove to them that they have nothing to get and everything to lose by abandoning a course of simple obstruction. This was not, indeed, the only point on which Mr. Bright's Manchester utterances are fairly chargeable with grave indiscretion. It may be, and it is, true, "that it is not more immoral for the people to use force in the last resort for the obtaining and securing of freedom than it is for a Government by force to suppress or deny that freedom;" but what possible use can there be in enunciating such a doctrine at the present time? No reasonable man can doubt, and indeed Mr. Bright himself directly afterwards admitted, that the moral power of public opinion was in these days amply sufficient to attain any object upon which the people are strenuously bent. To talk of physical force, even as a thing at an immeasurable distance, is not only perfectly idle—it is distinctly mischievous. For, while it puts into the heads of the masses an idea which has no sort of business there, it is more likely than anything else to disgust and irritate the middle classes. Until it be proved that they will not listen to reason, there is not a shadow of excuse for resorting to threats, which are indeed far more likely to recoil upon the heads of those who use them than to influence a class who are less open to intimidation now than at any previous period of their history.

#### PRUSSIA.

THE Prussian army has entered Berlin, and has received from the citizens of that capital the enthusiastic welcome which it so thoroughly deserved. Even from a strictly military point of view it has done as much as any army ever did before; and is as well entitled to the popular applause which seldom fails to follow a triumphant soldiery. But the Berliners, we have no doubt, felt, as they had a right to feel, that in celebrating the return of their army they were celebrating something far more important than victories or conquests. The men who were defiling before them had made Germany a nation, had realized the cherished dream of the Teutonic race, had converted into a country that "Fatherland" which was before a mere

geographical or sentimental expression. The object which had thus been attained was well worth struggling for; and it is only just to the Prussians to remember that, until they were convinced that it was the end sought by Count Bismarck, they looked but coldly and indifferently on the war. The mere selfish aggrandisement of their own country had no attractions farther, and they showed their indifference to it in the most unmistakable manner. They had, therefore, every right to rejoice, rather as Germans than as Prussians, over the achievements which they were commemorating, and over the future which then had opened to their native land. But they had also other good reasons for self-congratulation. During the brief war which has just closed, the conduct of the Prussian army and the working of the Prussian administrative system has raised Germany wonderfully in the world's estimation. There was a popular idea before that they were good at metaphysics, drinking beer, and smoking tobacco, and not altogether bad at fighting in a stolid, dogged sort of way. But there was also a general impression that their administrative system was an ingenious kind of muddle arranged on philosophical principles; that they could never be got to move or act with celerity or despatch, and that their armies were nothing better than military machines of a rather ancient and worn-out patent. The course of the late contest has shown how completely unfounded were these notions, so far, at least, as Prussia is concerned. Not even the French military department, which has long been supposed to be the most perfectly organized in the world, could have equipped, moved, and provided for so vast an army as that brought into the field against Austria, with greater foresight, promptitude, and regularity. Not even French troops could have advanced with greater celerity, struck with greater decision, or manifested greater intelligence, or a higher soldierly spirit on the field, than the victors of Sadowa. Nor is that all. The Prussian soldiers have acquired a purer glory in this war. Heretofore, whenever an army has advanced into an enemy's country, it has brought rapine and outrage in its train. This has not been the case during the recent war. An inquiry lately instituted by the Austrian Government has shown, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the Prussians behaved with exemplary forbearance, and, indeed, with kindness towards the people of Bohemia and Moravia, and that during their operations in, and their subsequent occupation of, those provinces, there was a complete absence of those outrages and of that general licentiousness of action which experience has taught us to expect from the soldiers of an army in the field. By their system of conscription, combined with their system of national education—by making the army not something apart from, but merely a portion of a highly instructed and intelligent nation—it is clear that Prussia has turned out a force which is not only more efficient than any to which it has hitherto been opposed, but is altogether of a higher and nobler stamp than any other European army. It is to Prussia that other nations are now looking for lessons in military organization; while the teachings and opinions of Prussia on other subjects are certainly regarded at present with a respect that they did not command a few months ago. It would, indeed, have been strange if the people of Berlin had not felt elated at the rapid change for the better which has been recently wrought in so many ways, and had not done their best to exhibit their gratitude to the gallant men who have done so much for their country and their race.

Within a few days of this great national fête, the only ground of difference which has arisen between the Government and the Prussian Parliament during the brief session which has just closed, was happily removed in a manner highly creditable to both parties. The Ministry, as will be recollected, proposed a Bill sanctioning a loan of 60 million thalers, in order to replenish the Royal treasury, which had been exhausted by the expenses of the war. The committee to which this measure was referred dealt with it in a very critical, not to say an unfriendly manner, and suggested amendments which would have deprived it of a great part of its value. If Count Bismarck had adopted his old style towards the Chambers, the result would probably have been an acrimonious conflict, followed by the rejection of the Bill. However, the Count has apparently quite laid aside his high-handed and contemptuous manner of dealing with the deputies. He made a frank and conciliatory speech, explaining the objects of the Government, its wants, and the reasons why he could not accept the amendment of the committee; but at the same time he offered to accept another amendment of a less vital character, and on this basis an arrangement was at once effected. That this was done is no doubt a source of satisfaction to every patriotic Prussian, who must regard it as of the highest possible importance to maintain the existing harmony between the several estates of the



realm. But foreigners will be principally interested in the reasons which the Minister gave for pressing so strongly for the money which he desired. Prussia, he said, must be placed in a position to defend what she had gained. Official communications proved that the spirit of conciliation had not entered the Imperial Court with the conclusion of peace. Moreover, the Eastern question might lead to serious European difficulties, and in time of danger, with the money market in an unfavourable condition, the Government would not be able to raise a loan. We do not wish to accuse Count Bismarck of wilfully exaggerating the dangers of the present situation in order to render the Parliament more compliant. But we confess we can hardly understand from what quarter the work of German unity, so far as it has hitherto been accomplished, is in any danger. Austria may be, as we dare say she is, sulky and discontented. It would be wonderful if it were otherwise; and no one would be surprised at her seeking to regain the position she has lost, if she had the faintest chance of doing so. But she has not. Whether she may ultimately reconstruct herself as a Danubian Power we cannot venture to predict. But at present she is in a state of utter disorganization. Her treasury is empty, her people are discontented, her army is dispirited—and if she had not heretofore shown the most remarkable power of self-recovery after the severest calamities, one would say the probability was that the Austrian empire would go quickly to pieces. Be that as it may, it is plain that she is not now, and cannot for some time be, in a position to attempt anything against Prussia. As to the dangers of the Eastern question, no one can exactly deny them, because no one knows exactly what they are, or when they may turn up. But we can scarcely suppose that if these had been the only rocks ahead Count Bismarck would have thought it a matter of such urgent necessity to put money in his pocket. Is it possible that there is any other quarter from which he apprehends danger? There are, of course, the dethroned kings and princes, some of whom, at any rate, are not disposed to resign themselves to the loss of their dominions. But, although the King of Hanover may cling to the declaration that he will some day remount his throne, he and the rest of his unfortunate class are perfectly powerless to effect anything for themselves. They may be regretted by a small Court, or bureaucratic circles—possibly, even, by the inhabitants of their capitals; but the general feeling of the country is so strongly in favour, not only of maintaining, but of extending the work already done, that no danger can be apprehended from the petty intrigues with which these sovereigns *en retraite* will probably amuse their leisure. With regard to South Germany, there is no reason for alarm in that quarter; for, whatever may be the inclinations of the princes, the people will never suffer them to do anything to the detriment of that Northern Confederation in which they trust to be themselves some day comprised. The only real difficulty which Count Bismarck seems to have on hand is the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Saxony; and that is chiefly serious because it can only be the intervention of some influential foreign Power which makes it a difficulty at all. If the King of Saxony was the only party to be dealt with, the Prussian Minister would, we may be sure, make very short work of the obstruction. We know that, if Louis Napoleon had not interceded for his Majesty of Saxony, that kingdom would have been incorporated with Prussia, just as Hanover and Hesse-Cassel have been. From the long delay that has taken place in arranging the terms of peace, it is clear that there must have been something more than intercession—that some encouragement must have been given to King John to stand out against demands which he would never have thought of resisting had he stood alone. Then there is a report that the same foreign Power which has the credit of this encouragement, is also taking an active part in the difficulty which has arisen between Prussia and Holland, in regard to the garrisoning of Luxemburg. Looking into these things, we cannot help suspecting that it is not of Austria or the Eastern question Count Bismarck is thinking when he says that Prussia must be prepared to defend what she has gained. Whatever his misgivings may be, we trust they will not be realized; but in the mean time no one can blame him for being prepared for the worst, and it will be a very short-sighted policy on the part of the Prussian Parliament if they do not give him a strenuous support.

#### MESSRS. OVEREND, GURNEY, & CO., LIMITED.

ANY approach to a satisfactory liquidation of this unfortunate company appears to be more and more hopeless. As we men-

tioned in our Money Market article of last week, the call made upon the shareholders, and which was payable on the 15th inst., has hardly been responded to by more than a fourth of the amount; and if City report speaks true, those who have paid it are chiefly creditors, who will give with the one hand and take back with the other. In the mean time the number of questions for litigation is increasing every day, and so soon as the law courts re-open, there will be an abundant harvest of costs and other expenses, ready for the sickles of the fortunate solicitors and barristers employed in these cases. It would, in fact, almost seem as if the great majority of shareholders in the concern had gone mad, and were determined to prove their insanity by throwing good money after bad. Anything rather than pay up what they are legally liable for, seems to be the resolution of all who owned scrip in this company. The attorney who can hold out any hopes that it is possible to evade a disbursement of cash for the liquidation of the concern, is certain of clients; and there are not a few in the profession whose banker's book when balanced at Christmas will show that, however the unfortunate shareholders and depositors have fared, the failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co., Limited, has been a perfect godsend to those whose business it is to tender legal advice at the rate of six-and-eightpence per page of note-paper. It must be an ill wind that blows *nobody* good, and if this great discounting company has ruined a number of persons, it will create wealth for others before its name sinks into oblivion. It is by no means an exaggeration to say that, for the postponement of payment—for it will eventually be nothing more—of every £10 call, which should have been paid up last Friday fortnight, the shareholder, who has managed to keep his money a little longer in his own hands will have to pay £2 to £3. Twenty and thirty per cent. is a heavy discount with which to evade a liability for a few months, the more so as from sheer headstrong obstinacy those who are thrown over in the first trials will no doubt try an appeal to the higher courts. But of their ultimately having to pay the money there can hardly be a doubt on the mind of any reasonable man, and there is certainly no doubt whatever amongst the vast majority of those business people in the City, who, happily, have no stake in the issue either one way or another.

And yet it is by no means one of the characteristics of Englishmen, still less of Englishmen of business, to try and regain what is already lost by an additional sacrifice of cash. Even in bank ruptures, as a general rule, how few creditors make any exertions either to prove a debt, or pursue a fraudulent or improvident debtor. In nine cases out of ten they write down the amount owed them to profit and loss, and never trouble themselves more on the subject. If, in course of time, a dividend turns up, so much the better; if not, so much the worse. The creditor seldom, if ever, goes to the expense of opposing his debtor; for he has an aversion to what he calls throwing good money after bad, and consoles himself with the reflection that what he has lost in money or goods, he has gained in experience. His future bargains will be better looked to than his former ones; but for the present he does not trouble himself with crying after spilt milk. "Enough for the day is the evil thereof," and therefore, although he grumbles, he puts up with what has become an accomplished, although an unpleasant, fact. The same may be said, in a great measure, of nearly all the many joint-stock company liquidations which have taken, or are taking place during the past months and at the present time. Shareholders grumbled and abused the credulity which led them to invest money in bubble concerns, but they considered themselves bound to meet their engagements, and believed that their only alternative was to pay or go through the Bankruptcy Court. Repudiation of share liabilities is a course hitherto extremely rare amongst all that value a good name in business, and has so seldom been resorted to by any great number of shareholders, as to prove quite an exceptional case in the present instance.

It is said that the reason why legal theory instead of common-sense practice obtain favour with the shareholders in this unfortunate concern, is because the great majority of them are not business-men, but individuals who, having at first been persuaded to embark their money in a concern of which they knew nothing, now seek for refuge in the law of which they know less. If it be true that a great number of those who uphold the "London Shareholders' Defence Committee" of the insolvent undertaking are country gentlemen, clergymen, half-pay officers, and retired officials, it is easy to understand how, under so great a calamity, they listen with eagerness to those who give them hopes that they may escape from their difficulties by contesting the claims against them. A drowning man catches at any floating straw; and in hope of avoiding utter ruin, or even of postponing what will perhaps break up



his home, the shareholder who has to contribute to what can never again return him a shilling will pay handsomely and be most thankful for those seductive hopes held out to him by the solicitor whom he consults. It is quite possible that the latter may be a perfectly honest man, although giving the very worst of advice to his client. Unfortunately, our commercial laws are such, that even if once they bear but one meaning before the court, they often admit of several interpretations by legal advisers. With a little ambiguity in the wording of an Act of Parliament, and a strong inclination to make the wish of a client the father of the opinion delivered, who can say what any lawyer's advice may be?

The questions to be decided in the case of Overend, Gurney, & Co., Limited, may be narrowed into the following: Are the shareholders of the concern liable to the amount of the shares they held; or can the creditors come down upon the promoters and directors of the company, and make them pay to the last shilling they have in the world the legal claims on the undertaking? In other words, Was the former firm of Overend, Gurney, & Co. turned into a limited joint-stock company, and the shares disposed of by fraudulent representations; or did the promoters and directors act with honesty, and give a *bonâ-fide* statement of the liabilities and assets of the firm when it was transferred? In the first place, as it invariably happens that a company, firm, or individual that has failed is always deemed to be in the wrong, so, had this concern not got into trouble, it would most certainly have been in the right. If Overend, Gurney, & Co., Limited, had not been obliged to suspend payment, we should never have heard a word of the many commercial sins which are now laid at the door of Overend, Gurney, & Co. And may not those who are lookers on at what is passing in this affair ask, with some reason, how it is that so many shareholders have only now found out that the representations upon which the prospectus of the proposed company was issued were illusory and in no way founded on fact? Every City man must remember how, in August, 1865, when the house of Overend, Gurney, & Co. was reorganized under the Limited Liability Act, the greatest interest was used by many persons to obtain the allotment of even a few shares. From the country, especially, the applications poured in. Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol, and Glasgow all contributed largely to the number of those who wished to be in what was thought to be one of the very best things that had ever been brought before the public. There was hardly a country banker but what was asked by his best customers to use his influence in London to procure them some, if ever so few, shares. The latter were at a premium long before they were allotted, and when the allotment came out the very small portion of them that found their way on to the Stock Exchange caused a rise in the premium, and excited the indignation of the jobbers, who having to buy at a higher price than they had sold, determined to "bear," or run down, the shares whenever an opportunity occurred, which new operation fully consummated by the ultimate ruin of the concern in the following month of May. Without tendering an opinion as to the management of the company beyond those facts which have long been patent to the public, it may safely be said that the directors of the concern were men of business, that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by the smooth working of the concern. Generally amongst the commercial men of London there did not exist any wide-spread doubt of their acting on good faith when they brought out the prospectus converting the old discounting firm into a joint-stock company under the Limited Liability Act. When, in addition to this, it is remembered that these very directors and promoters of the concern are supposed to have retained in their own hands a large portion of the shares, and may be possibly heavy losers by the failure, it is exceedingly improbable, nay almost impossible, that the Defence Committee of Shareholders should succeed in proving the articles of association to be void owing to their fraudulent intent. And unless this is done, the shareholders may pay solicitors, fee barristers, or disburse for court fees and legal costs in vain. They are like the acceptors of an overdue bill of exchange, and must either pay their liabilities or take refuge in Basinghall-street: there is no other alternative for them. The contest may be long, for unfortunately our English law courts do not move with celerity. The funds with which to defend their supposed rights are large, for each of the non-contentants has contributed his share, and the lawyers will take care that payment shall be forthcoming for work done. But of the ultimate result of the battle there can hardly be a doubt.

Nor should it be forgotten that there is another class of sufferers by this failure whose claims for sympathy ought not to be overlooked. These are the depositors, and other creditors

of the Company. As it is, the patience of these parties has been sorely tried by the headlong determination which so many of the shareholders have shown to repudiate their claims. No doubt but that a great deal of ill-feeling exists between the rival camps of shareholders and creditors, and will be greatly increased—to the certain detriment of both parties—unless a give-and-take policy is adopted between the two, and this at once. In the money article of last Monday's *Times*, it is said that Mr. C. Oppenheim, "acting on behalf of some of the largest creditors of the Company, is ready to suggest an arrangement which would be one of great forbearance on their part, and of proportionate advantage to the shareholders." In connection, however, with this report it is intimated that "should any considerable number of the shareholders determine, in preference, to join the Defence Committee movement for an attempt to repudiate their liability, the plan thus contemplated, and which has originated from a desire to mitigate the anxieties of the principal sufferers, will neither be brought forward nor further entertained." If we might presume to offer advice to the unfortunate shareholders of the Company, it would be to close at once with this proposition, and this for their own sakes. The game as it now stands is unequal; the creditors have two cards in their hands, the shareholders only one. If the latter fail in proving the articles of association and prospectus to have been fraudulent, and thus do not get rid of their liability, they can play no longer, and their adversaries will be far more irate than at present. If, on the other hand, they succeed, the limited liability company will be as if it had never existed; but it is a question whether each shareholder will not there and then become a partner in an unlimited unregistered firm, and as such will be liable for all the debts of the company to the very last farthing he has in the world. The actual law is somewhat uncertain, but it veers very strongly indeed towards the point we have indicated, and would be certainly tried again and again by the creditors, if they were fairly set at defiance. Nor is it less in the interest of the public in general, and the shareholders in other companies in particular, that conciliatory measures should be adopted, and that some plan should be devised, as in the the winding-up of private firms, by which the creditors would consent to take what is due to them by instalments, and at intervals, waiving at the same time their claim to interest—the shareholders undertaking to pay up their calls in a certain given time. English credit abroad has suffered enough already by the failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co., Limited; but it will be at a far greater discount if litigation once commences. Let both parties trust to the intervention of some well-known business-man like Mr. C. Oppenheim, and leave alone the dangerous weapons of the law, which seldom fail to cut all who have the folly to handle them. Shareholders and creditors may rest equally certain that much more good will be effected with a spoonful of mercantile common sense than with a whole barrellful of legal fighting. If they once go into court, the lawyers are the only persons who will profit thereby.

#### KIDNAPPING UNDER THE LAW.

ANYTHING more audacious than the combination of certain Canadian officials to defeat the English law cannot well be imagined. The case of Lamirande must be sufficiently familiar to our readers, and we need not repeat the story. But there are some dramatic points in it which ought not to be passed over, partly because the *Times* dismisses them as "questionable features," and partly because they show that the conspiracy was wide spread, and had enlisted many hands in its service. Moreover, the story leads us to make some reflections of a different kind from those indulged in by our contemporaries. It confirms us in the opinion we expressed six weeks ago, that there would be no danger in the new Extradition Treaty if the French Government was honest; while if it was dishonest, we possessed no better security under the old treaty than we should have under the new one. In the present case we have no reason to impute dishonesty to the French Government, but a very good reason to impute dishonesty to its agents; and, unfortunately, our mouth is shut by the more flagrant dishonesty of our own. So far as we can see at present, the Attorney-General for Canada, the High Constable of Montreal, several other officials, and some private persons, have taken part in the abduction and surrender of a prisoner whose case scarcely came within the Extradition Treaty, and who had not been demanded with the formalities it requires. How the guilt may be apportioned between the delinquents we have, as yet, no means of knowing. When the time comes we shall be glad to learn that the Attorney-General



has cleared himself of all complicity. But we see no escape for High Constable Bissonette if the facts against him are truly reported. Nor can we doubt but that others will prove liable to punishment as accessories, though they may have been ignorant of the extent of the crime and of their own participation.

Basing ourselves on the judgment of Mr. Justice Drummond, of the Court of Queen's Bench in Lower Canada, and on the narrative of Lamirande's attorney, we can hardly fail to see that the abduction was most systematic. The prisoner's lawyers seem to have suspected something from the very first. After the arrest had been effected, an objection was made on the ground that false entries did not constitute forgery, and that the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster had laid this down on a recent demand for extradition. The prosecutor laughed at such authority. At the hearing of the application for *habeas corpus*, the prisoner's counsel opposed an adjournment on the ground that a *coup de main* was intended. But now, the counsel for the Crown expressed such virtuous indignation that these scruples were set at rest, and the former disregard of high legal authorities was forgotten. During the night, however, Lamirande's counsel was warned that the attempt was to be made, and he went to the judge with this information.

Justice Drummond was at the railway station just before the Quebec train started, and, meeting the High Constable there, told him that he had heard of an intention to remove Lamirande, and that, if anything of the kind happened, he would hold him responsible. Immediately after the High Constable had vanished with the French detective, Melin, who had procured the arrest of Lamirande, and while Justice Drummond went down to the gaol, Lamirande's attorney jumped into the Quebec train which was already in motion. On the way to Quebec there was a long delay, and the attorney, walking up and down the platform, "saw that the train was divided in two parts, some three or four cars having been left some distance behind. About two minutes before the final departure of the train, the two parts were coupled together. Having more than suspicions of what was going on, I tried to look in those back cars." And in one of them he saw Lamirande in the company of High Constable Bissonette, Detective Melin, and one or two others. The next time he saw him was at the ferry which was conveying passengers to the steamer *Damascus*, and, in answer to all remonstrances, the captors said they had the Governor-General's signature, and laughed at judges' orders. Singular enough, the attorney tried in vain to telegraph to the Governor-General and to Quebec lawyers when he found that Lamirande was in the train. He applied at five telegraph stations. "In two of them I found no operator; in two others I was told they were not in working order, and in the last objection was made to my telegrams because they were written in pencil." Either Canadian operators are not gifted with the regularity of Mr. Boucicault's characters, or they were at that moment engaged in an unusually-delicate operation. The upshot of this collusion was that Lamirande was on his way to France before Justice Drummond took his seat on the bench and ordered the issue of a writ of *habeas corpus*. All that was left for the judge to do, when he found that the prisoner had been given up to a police inspector of Paris the night before, was to transmit a copy of his judgment to the Governor-General, and to inform "the public officers who have been connected with this matter" that the Court of Queen's Bench would sit for criminal jurisdiction on the 24th of September.

In England, kidnapping is merely a misdemeanour, punishable by fine and imprisonment, or exposed in certain cases to action for false imprisonment, with treble damages. But we are extremely glad to observe that in Canada, by an Act passed in the Canadian Parliament of 1865, the offence amounts to felony. By this statute, it is declared expedient to provide more fully for the punishment of the crime of kidnapping; and it is therefore enacted that "any person forcibly seizing and confining any other person with intent to cause him to be sent or transported out of this province against his will" shall be guilty of felony, and shall be punished by imprisonment of not less than two or more than seven years. Accessories, whether before or after the fact, are also declared guilty of felony, and it is expressly enacted that non-resistance on the part of the captive shall not be set up as a defence, unless it is proved that this was not caused by threats, duress, force, or exhibition of force. The conduct of Lamirande's captors when the attorney saw his client in the car, and called him by name, fully answer to the definition of force, and deprives them of any excuse they might set up on the ground of their having acted fraudulently. But in matters of this kind, the punishment of

the guilty is not the whole concern of the Government. It is true the punishment should be exemplary, in order that others may be deterred from repeating the offence. We trust it would be difficult to find such a shameful dereliction of duty in a purely English community. Even if the public officers were heavily bribed, they would have more respect for the forms of law in a country where those forms could not be so easily evaded, and where justice is almost more respected than Government. The French Canadians who represented the Executive in this matter (and it is somewhat curious that almost all who are concerned on the side of the prosecution have French names, while almost all who are in the defence have English names) may have had more sympathy with the efficiency of French administration than with the scrupulous delays of English legality. The principle of English law is to deal fairly with all men; the principle of French law is to deal summarily with offenders. The one aims at justice, the other at bringing to justice. Nothing would be more repugnant to the English law than to think that a culprit was brought within its reach by a violation of its spirit. To the French law it matters little *unde habeat, sed oportet habere*. In both countries Lamirande would be a culprit, and by the common law of England he may be said to be guilty of forgery. But the Extradition Treaty does not provide for such offences, and necessarily confines itself to the strict letter of the statutes. Where there is a disagreement between the legislation of the two countries, such cases as this of Lamirande are the most likely to arise. We see that on this point not the legislation only, but the spirit of legislation, is at variance. And this makes it difficult to say whether the French Government will lose no time in repudiating so audacious an abuse of our law, or be afraid to repudiate one of the essential principles of its own law. Perhaps we may count on some display of generosity, but it is clear that we have no claim on the score of justice. In whatever way the signature of Lord Monck was procured, it was procured by our own servants, and in disavowing the subordinate agents who instigated this fraud, the French Government may still act on the authenticity of the signature. It would be extreme selfishness to say that we are not interested in the fate of Lamirande. We ought not to be interested in his fate, but we cannot separate his fate from the process of his capture. And while we have no right to demand that France shall pardon a delinquent because our agents have exposed themselves to punishment, and no right to expect that France will forego her principle because our agents have been unfaithful to ours, it would be a tribute to the cause of civil liberty if the French gave up their captive; and the next Extradition Treaty would be discussed on very different grounds if we saw that our neighbours were willing to give substantial justice, and not merely eager to inflict punishment.

#### THE STATUTE BOOK.

THE Statute Book at its best is by no means pleasant reading, and we are afraid that any discussion of the reforms proposed for it will be open to the same objection. Still, as Mr. Thomas Erskine Holland has set us the example in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, we will not shrink from the task. It is one which has engaged in its service some of the ablest intellects of England for many generations, from the time of the Chancellor who was censured for taking bribes, to that of the Chancellor who was censured for giving places. Lord Bacon proposed "the digest or recompiling of the common laws, and that of the statutes." Mr. Holland cites some of his weighty words, notably as to the two ways of making a new statute—"the one confirms and strengthens former statutes on the same subject, and then makes a few additions and alterations; the other repeals and cancels all former enactments, and substitutes an entirely new and uniform law. *The last method is the best.*" But it is just this last method which English legislators are so shy of adopting. Whether it be from weariness, or carelessness, or fear, they shrink from touching the clauses of old statutes which they are virtually repealing, and they leave behind them a confusion which is more fatal to sound law than the formal abolition of laws out of date, and which is sure to raise subsequent doubts of their intention, if not of their meaning.

One evil which attaches to the bulk of our statutes, ancient and modern, is the curious mixture of things purely temporary with those that have an abiding interest. To some extent, this is rendered necessary by the character of our legislation. We must often create principles which are to be valid for the future, yet we cannot make them retrospective. We must forbid certain actions which seem prejudicial to our liberties, yet we



cannot punish those who performed them ignorantly. Every year there have to be indemnity bills, and in every Act there have to be saving clauses. In some cases, the exceptions to a rule are more numerous than the examples. This temporary character of so much of our laws may seem a small evil compared with the great blemishes of the Statute Book, but it accounts for a good deal of the unnecessary matter. What good can it do to any man, except Mr. Forsyth, to know that, as a Committee of the House of Commons decided against his taking his seat in the House on the ground of his holding a new office of profit under the Crown, and as he had hitherto taken his seat in ignorance of the penalties attaching to it, he should be relieved from those penalties? What good can it do to any man, even the Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, to know that nothing in the Act constituting that Board shall be taken to affect the question whether the hamlet of Penge is part of the parish of Battersea? If any one wanted to sue Mr. Forsyth for those penalties, or if any suit was pending about Penge and Battersea, it would be well that such matters should be declared by authority of Parliament. But Mr. Forsyth could only be sued during the time provided by the Statute of Limitations, and the other suit could not last for ever. We cannot see why there should not be a temporary legislation for the things of the moment, so that the more permanent matter should have a better chance of enduring.

Mr. Holland's suggestion is more elaborate than this—perhaps it is too elaborate for the England of the nineteenth century. He would have something partaking of the nature of a code, if the mere word code does not terrify every reader. This code, or quasi-code, should be formed by digesting and consolidating the present Book of Statutes, so as to leave out all that was irrelevant, and to avoid all that was repetition. When once the code was brought into shape it should be republished every ten years with the alterations made in it during that time by yearly legislation. In order that the alterations might be made without trouble, he would have a standing commission appointed, to which the ablest intellects of the day might be attracted by high salaries, and possibly seats in the Privy Council. Under the eye of this commission all Bills might be drawn on a regular system, and always with reference to the part of the code to be altered; "every Bill should expressly repeal such and such a section of the code, and in its place substitute such and such a new section, or should enact that to such and such a chapter such and such new sections should be added." Perhaps the mere suggestion of a standing commission for drawing new Bills and marking their influence on the code, is enough to show the general tendency of Mr. Holland's Reform Bill. Not that the suggestion is new. If we mistake not, one very similar is made by Mr. Greaves in his work on the Criminal Law Consolidation Acts, and the salaries of the judges are cited as furnishing the standard for those of the commissioners. Yet even if Mr. Holland's plan of a code be not adopted, even if our future digest is to be of a more timid and less thorough-going character, it would be well that all future Bills should be drawn by men of great legal acquirements, and intellects commensurate. All our Bills are not drawn by jurists, and as Mr. Holland remarks, "all our jurists are not logicians." If it is painful to see the contradictions inserted in statutes of the same year, or a very few years apart, it is still more painful to find our text-books made up of cases which sometimes bear upon each other, and sometimes have no bearing at all, but all of which are reported as conveying the decisions of infallible judges, and reversing those of others, who are equally infallible. While, by common consent, *lucidus ordo* is unnecessary in our text-books, which are the work of lawyers, how can it be present in our Statute Book, which is the work of Parliament? The one evil leads to the other. As a great part of our text-book is taken up with statute-law, the imperfections of the statutes are naturally reflected in the text-books. And as new statutes are made after study of the text-books, the confusion which suffices for the text-books gives the keynote to the statutes. Nor is this all. So long as Bills are drawn by men whose name does not carry with it a high legal authority, there must always be a difficulty in letting the new legislation over-ride what has preceded it. The Bill itself is not final. It refers to former Bills, recites parts of them, incorporates parts of them. Sometimes it brings in new power by a side-wind, as when it directs a certain section of another Act to be read, as if certain words did not form a part of it. The members forming the House which is charged with the duty of making this Bill into law, have not time to consult all the Acts which it modifies. They might scruple to let it over-rule those Acts, and they think less harm is done by virtual than by formal repeal. But if the Bill was brought

in by a commission of high legal names, was drawn with the admirable clearness found in some law books, and consolidated all previous legislation on the subject, the task of the House would be much simpler. Some will say our liberties would be endangered, as there are people who think common sense the greatest enemy of liberty, and who take refuge in confusion as the cuttle-fish makes its escape by blackening the water. But we do not think our liberties would suffer by being defined, or that law would become more rigid if it knew the limits of its province. Great lawyers have often been Conservatives, and lawyers have been found to act as tools of lawless despotism. But some of the greatest have been noble defenders of the principles of freedom, and, as Mr. Sandars has well shown, even Jefferies conformed himself to some shadow of legality.

At the time of Lord Westbury's resignation it was generally allowed to be unfortunate that a great law reformer should hold his office during the good pleasure of political parties, and should have to keep the Queen's conscience in order to sharpen the legal perceptions of the nation. The speech on the Revision of the Statute Law delivered by Lord Westbury in June, 1863, makes these regrets more poignant; but we are glad to hear from Mr. Holland that the ex-Chancellor has consented to resume his labours. As the head of a commission, or department of justice, responsible for the due performance of the work and for the capacity of his subordinates, Lord Westbury would not have the same temptation to provide for his family as he had when exercising the vast and irresponsible patronage of Lord Chancellor. In the speech we have cited he has laid down so clearly the need of a revision, and the principle on which it ought to be conducted, that we should hesitate the less to intrust him with the execution. Our legislation, he tells us, has always been extemporary. We wait till a grievance is intolerable, and then we apply ourselves to a remedy which does not go beyond the grievance. "Your new Acts are patches on an old garment. You provide for the emergency, but you pay not the least regard to the question whether the piece you put into the old garment suits it or not. Such being the mode of your legislation, it is utterly impossible that your Statute Book should be other than it is—a mass of enactments and of statutes which are in a great degree discordant and irreconcilable." We would gladly call on Lord Westbury to supply the remedy for the evils he has exposed. But whether he take it in hand or not, we trust the evils have been so well exposed that the cry for a remedy will grow louder; and that when the reform of the ancient Acts is inaugurated, the new ones will be subjected to a similar revision; so that we may not be piling up material for future reformers while we find so much employment for those of our own age and country.

#### THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

THE Social Science Congress are about to hold their annual meeting: we earnestly beg of them to take this subject into consideration. Individuals cannot attempt the task single-handed. Nothing but the influence of a body socially powerful, as they are, can now carry out efficacious measures for the repression of the almost universal practice of adulterating articles of food. In vain have imperfect legislative attempts been made to prohibit or check it. It seems almost a hopeless task to attempt to restore the proper tone of commercial morality, and to prevent the adulteration of food. The desire to be in a position to undersell others in trade—whether on the part of the manufacturer or the wholesale dealer—induces the adulteration of almost every article one uses at table; so that, for instance, without a special analysis on each occasion, it is really very difficult to tell whether our coffee is really the berry of the coffee-plant or only British beans flavoured, or whether our butter does or does not partake largely of the mashed turnip. There can be no excuse for these frauds upon our stomachs, not to say upon our very lives. Every one of the articles usually sold in an adulterated condition is sold at a price sufficiently high to be remunerative to the dealer. Take the article tea, than which no commodity is more tampered with before it reaches the consumer. Notwithstanding its high price, it frequently goes through two processes of adulteration; the first in China, and the second in honest England. In England, it has been ascertained that the leaves of the plane, willow, sloe, poplar, hawthorn, and elder, as well as exhausted tea-leaves, are more or less resorted to, according to the fancy or the ingenuity of the adulterator. Chocolate is often mixed with flour, potato-starch, and Castile soap. In sugar have been found such ingredients as sand, chalk, plaster of Paris, pipeclay, potato-starch, and grape-sugar; the last-mentioned of these being, perhaps, the one



most frequently resorted to. A commissioner of the *Lancet* once examined twenty-eight different pots of potted meats and fish, and found that of these no less than twenty-three were adulterated with Armenian bole—a red earth found in various countries, as in Armenia, Tuscany, Ireland, and the Isle of Skye, and which is eaten by the Japanese in order to become thin, and by some savage nations in order to allay hunger. Potted meats are also adulterated with horse-flesh. As for bread, we regret to say it is adulterated to an extent which is truly alarming. All kinds of substance are employed in the process. Among those that have been detected by analysts are potato-starch, horse-beans, vetch-meal, linseed-meal, and rice. Flour is similarly operated upon. Butter, it has but too well been ascertained, is often mixed with turnips, flour, and colouring matter; and the bulk of the original butter is sometimes by means of these substances increased by as much as fifty per cent. In lard may be traced starch, potash, carbonate of soda, mutton fat, and lime. Candles, which are sold as made from tallow, are generally made from the refuse of all sorts of fatty matter; but this is, comparatively speaking, a harmless fraud. The adulteration of milk, especially for sale among the poorer classes, is such a glaring fraud that it is surprising that measures have not hitherto been taken to suppress it. It may be assumed that a certain proportion of water has been added to every pail of milk sold in London. Sometimes the quantity added is small, at other times it is large; and this depends upon the class of persons for whose consumption it is destined. Water is, however, a harmless addition; and if nothing else were added we might be inclined to put up with the adulteration. But, besides water, the dairymen resorts to milk of almonds, gum, chalk, and cerebral matter. The water serves to increase the bulk of the liquid, the chalk gives it colour and consistency, the milk of almonds flavour, the gum holds the chalk in a state of diffusion, preventing subsidence, and the cerebral matter, we suppose, is intended to give the surface of the compound a creamy appearance. Even the smallest and apparently the most insignificant articles, do not escape the tricks of the adulterator. Mustard is seldom genuine; and in the yellow mixture sold as such may be found flour, linseed-cake, and yellow ochre. Most of the spices sold are divested of their essential oils, or are adulterated with wheat, sago, or potato flours, East India arrowroot, ground rice, mustard husks, powdered clove-stalks, and other vegetable substances. Vinegar not unfrequently is but a concoction into which water and sulphuric and acetic acids are introduced. Cheese is adulterated with boiled and mashed potatoes, red lead, and annato. Marmalade is chiefly made from pulps of apples and turnips. Snuff is adulterated to an unlimited extent, containing, as it has been frequently found to do, common salt, oxide of lead, chromate of lead, bichromate of potash, powdered silica and glass. Let those heed this who sniff that pungent dust, and learn the secret of its pungency. But when we come to spirituous and malt liquors, the fraud of adulterators becomes positively abominable. The gin ordinarily sold in London public-houses consists chiefly of water, sugar, cayenne, cassia, or cinnamon, alum, salt of tartar, Guinea pepper, and other ingredients. Porter and London stout are mixed with water and salt, and other matters, to the extent of 40, 50, even 60 per cent. No doubt there are many publicans who have principle enough to set their faces against these frauds; but the fact is notorious that they are in the minority. Adulteration, in short, prevails on every side; and there is no article of human food admitting of adulteration which one can turn to with a confidence that it has escaped the arts of the adulterator. Adulterations, according to Dr. Hassall, are of three kinds, and these may all meet together in the same article. The first consists in the addition of inferior substances for the purpose of adding to the weight or bulk of the original article; and this is the most common form of the fraud. The second consists in the addition of colouring matter, with a view to improving the appearance of the commodities and of concealing other forms of adulteration. "This," says Dr. Hassall, "is a very prevalent adulteration, and it is the most objectionable and reprehensible of all; because substances are frequently employed for the purpose of imparting colour, possessing highly deleterious, and, even in some cases, poisonous properties, as various preparations of lead, copper, mercury, and arsenic." The third form of adulteration consists in the addition of inferior substances for the sake of imparting smell, flavour, pungency, and other properties. Had it not been for the actual analyses which have, from time to time, been made by the *Lancet* Commissioners and by private individuals, such as Mitchell, Normandy, Accum, Chevalier, and MM. Jules Garnier and Harel,

one would hardly be inclined to believe that the adulteration of articles of human food prevails to such an extent. But facts are stubborn things; and the prevalence of these tricks of trade cannot longer be denied or winked at. The time has now manifestly arrived when it becomes the imperative duty of the Legislature to take stronger measures than have hitherto been resorted to for the suppression of what is, when rightly viewed, a crime.

The Social Science Association, we are convinced, would find this matter well worthy of their attention. In the anticipation that they will be inclined to enter upon it, we are prepared to suggest a remedy for their consideration. The only measure which would really prove efficacious in checking the evil, would be an Act of Parliament declaring those who adulterate articles of human food or drink with substances injurious to health, and those who retail such articles with full knowledge of the adulteration, to be guilty of felony, and punishable with penal servitude for a term of years, or for life in aggravated cases, as where death results from adulteration with poisonous substances. The existing Act of Parliament "for preventing the adulteration of articles of food or drink" imposes a mere penalty of £5 on persons knowingly retailing adulterated articles of food or drink, and that only provided the substances used for adulteration are injurious to health. A severer law should be enacted and enforced by appointing official inspectors, whose duty it would be to go round from time to time, purchasing articles of food, analyzing them, and tracing out the manufacturers of such as are found to be adulterated. It could, in fact, be enforced in somewhat the same fashion as the laws in regard to weights and measures are now enforced. We have inspectors who periodically go round, and test the weights and try the imperial measures: why not avail ourselves of the same system in order to suppress an evil greater than light weight or short measure? We have also inspectors to detect those who sell diseased meat, why not have inspectors to detect those who sell deleterious compounds for human food? What wonder can it be that the existing Act has proved little better than a dead letter, or at least that it has not in the slightest degree checked the adulteration of food? Instead of adulterators having the fear of it constantly before their eyes, we question whether they even know of its existence; and even if they did, the imposition of a maximum fine of £5 (impossible only where articles injurious to health are used) has no terrors for the rogue who by his trickery may be making a fortune. The method of dealing with this evil which we venture to suggest to our social savants may at first sight seem harsh; but it cannot but appear just and expedient when one reflects that nothing can possibly be more cruel than the adulteration of articles used for the nourishment and support of the human body. Deep-rooted evils can only be checked by justly severe measures; and it is false clemency to be lenient where forbearance to a rogue involves loss of health to a community.

#### PERJURY.

AMONGST the many strange revelations which from time to time arrest public attention, there is one which, at this moment, well deserves serious notice. Where the issue is subject to the decision of a jury, it is of the highest importance that the men composing it should decide according to the truth as it reveals itself to their unbiassed judgment. To secure truth in the witness, a truthful verdict from a jurymen, we swear them, or, in a few exceptional cases, take a solemn affirmation that they will act in the matter truthfully. The breach of an oath or affirmation is made penal by law: perjury is a very grave legal offence.

It is folly to attempt to conceal the fact that oaths in courts of justice and in courts of inquiry are fast becoming as "dicers'" oaths—i.e., false. We have had of late a few prosecutions for perjury; in some of them, it would scarcely be uncharitable to say, the trial for the offence produced more of it. We certainly have very recent proof of the little restraint on the consciences of witnesses which our oath system exercises. Before the Commissioners at the bribery-in-elections investigations, we have had the most unblushing respectable perjury: some of it is confessed; a great deal of it is so superficial that it can deceive no one. During the last few years, in our ordinary courts of justice, we have had clear indication that neither the invocation of the Deity, nor danger from breach of human laws, has any effect in the way of securing true evidence, or repressing that which is false.

There was a time—it is within the memory of very many of the present generation—when it was the law of the land that to hold certain offices it was necessary for the official to give



proof that he had taken the Sacrament according to the form of the Established Church. There cannot be the shadow of a doubt that the Sacrament was taken by very many people, at that time, as a mere formal matter. It was simply to them an act done to secure a certain qualification—a being spiritually rated to the Church, according to a form laid down by law as necessary for the purpose. The good sense of the nation at last revolted against a process which called on a man to act the hypocrite before he could be trusted with authority, and the law was altered. This recognition of the fact that liberty of conscience was a thing not to be trifled with, was, at the time, held by many to be a most serious inroad upon the national faith. Is there one man now living who would desire to see a re-enactment of the Test Acts? In the present day, the greatest freedom is very wisely given to private religious opinion. We have arrived at the conviction that men cannot be tied to doctrine by law. The day has passed when it could be supposed that one religious formula would be effective with all manner of men. It would appear to admit of some question whether the particular fashion of asseveration which still is made compulsory on all who give evidence, and on those who are to decide upon it, is not lapsing into a mere outward form—powerful, it is admitted, with men who hold the religious views professed by Christians, but altogether incapable of binding the consciences of men who are either only nominally Christians, or in reality care little for any claim on the conscience which religion of any kind can assert.

Those whose experience in this matter has been gained by long connection with the many branches of inquiry in which evidence is taken on oath, would, we believe, not deny that the crime of perjury is one with this curious feature—it is held by the same individuals to be almost harmless for some purposes, and yet one they would not commit to gain ends of a different character. Many men have deliberately sworn that which they knew to be false in proceedings connected with the Bankruptcy Court and the Divorce Court; before Income-tax Commissioners, to pass false valuations with regard to property on which they have to pay duty; before Commissioners of Inquiry into local bribery at elections; and in matters connected with commercial enterprises; yet the same men would not perjure themselves at a trial in any criminal court. The swearing mind thus becomes very elastic. It can accommodate itself to circumstances, holding to truth or falsehood, as occasion may arise or interest dictate, but yet owing to a certain limit, beyond which it must not lie. The worst of it is, that, with the best of evil intentions, the habit of truth-telling cannot be thus put off and on with impunity.

In a certain benighted rural district, not very many years ago, an inquiry was held, at which several very ignorant labourers, working for masters whose intelligence was also very limited, gave evidence. It transpired that there were two sorts of trial—a kind of ordeal occasionally resorted to when, something having been stolen on a farm, the servants were called on to prove their innocence. There was the "the cider test" and "the going to hat." In the former case, they, in turn, drank a glass of cider, calling, first, on the Holy Trinity to choke them in the act if they were guilty; in the latter, each held his head over his hat, and in the same species of invocation, prayed his eyes might fall into it if he was the offender. A gentleman present was rash enough to ask one of the respectable inhabitants of the place whether the employers—sound Churchmen—were not shocked at the awful irreverence of these customs: he was answered that, so far from this being the case, they considered the practice of putting labourers "to hat," a very valuable one, for labour was scarce thereabouts, and if every servant who stole anything was discovered and discharged, "he did not see, for his part, how they'd get on; the men, you see, sir, know there ain't nothing in what they say, but they all just says it, to make things smooth with the master; we must be robbed, and that pretty often, and when they're called 'to hat,' its just letting them know that we won't be robbed without speaking of it." The cool way in which men of higher degree have of late been guilty of perjury seems to us to be grounded on the same principle as that of these labouring men. The form of oath is very solemn; but then they consider its solemnity only as so much verbiage.

Whether there is wisdom in allowing words the most solemn to become a mere meaningless grace before the party sworn brings the Bible to the lips, can hardly be matter of dispute. There certainly can be no question that the time has come when either the form of oath should be altered, if it mean little, or, if it is held to mean all it professes, when the penalty which attaches to wilful perjury should be inflicted in every case in which it can be proved, let the perjurer be of what rank he may, or his crime committed for any purpose whatever.

As matters now stand, there is great stir made in court to see whether any child witness understands the nature of an oath. The confession of faith, considered necessary to sustain the evidence, is elicited in very strong terms; the witness of advanced life and higher education swears off lip without any show of reverence, is not expected to evince any, yet is held to be under the obligation of an oath—prosecution for perjury being very rare indeed.

#### "CADGERS" CHERISHED BY THE STATE.

If the "Amateur Casual" has done no other good, his narrative has called attention to a subject of which the public were entirely ignorant; but it was left to the Parliamentary Report on Vagrancy to open our eyes to the shameful manner in which the community are defrauded in the name of charity. When by accident we lift a stone, we are astonished by the number of obscure creatures that are immediately seen scuttling away into darkness. The President of the Poor Law Board has just lifted such a stone, and the "cadger and tramp" has been discovered in all his loathsomeness and depravity. It is not generally known that her Majesty's Government keep boarding-houses for the reception of rogues and vagabonds, and so ingeniously contrive their arrangements that no honest man or woman cares to ask admittance to them. Yet such is the plain state of the case. The casual wards of the workhouses throughout the kingdom have, by the ingenuity of that noble fraternity the "cadger," *alias* the henroost robber, the clothes stealer, and looter general to the provincial community, become regular stages and houses of refreshment to these vagabonds, who are far more dangerous than the criminal population, inasmuch as they carry on their occupation under the guise of poverty, and with an organization so perfect as to baffle all attempts at their regulation, much less their coercion. Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly, has given the public a specimen of the cadger's map of a country district. Her Majesty's Poor Law Commissioners are now informed on the very best authority that every member of that fraternity possesses a map of the entire country, and knows the nature of the bed and table that is prepared for him in every union in the kingdom, and that is saying a good deal, for the variety is charming, and affords a proof of the system, or rather want of system, in which relief is conducted by a great public department. And the extraordinary feature of their organization is, that it is carried on by means of written communications on the walls of the wards themselves. Mr. Andrew Doyle, the Inspector for the Chester district, in his admirable report, gives specimens of their "handwriting on the wall," which he informs us are to be found in every workhouse in the kingdom. The wall is, in short, the cadger's card-basket, where he makes appointments, and his visitors' book where he expresses his opinion as to his treatment. Here are three announcements for instance:—

"*Private Notice.*—Saucy Harry and his Moll will be at Chester to eat their Christmas dinner, where they hope Saucer and the fraternity will meet them at the Union, 14th of November, 1865."

"*Notice to our Pals.*—Bristol Jack and Burslem was here on the 15th of April, bound for Montgomeryshire for the summer season."

"*Notice to Long Cockney, or Cambridge, or any of the Fraternity.*—Harry the Mark was here from Carmarthen, and if anybody of the Yorkshire tramps wishes to find him he is to be found in South Wales for the next three months. 17th April, 1865."

We confess it is something new to find casuals of the criminal class giving their invitations for Christmas gatherings six weeks in advance, and talking of their rounds for the "summer season." That the cadger makes his rounds as regularly as her Majesty's judges go the circuit, and that the county in like manner finds him his lodgings and board as a matter of course we gather from these "jottings by the way." There is not a particle of disguise about the matter; he never pretends that he is a casual, in the legal sense of the term, but boldly claims his right to board and lodging as often as he happens to come that way, and not only board, but clothing. The cadger, when his clothes are too ragged to wear, or too full of vermin, simply tears them up and then demands new ones. "Tear-ups" are becoming a distinct variety of the tramp genus, and the only effectual method of cure is to clothe them in old sacks. However depraved human nature may be it cannot stand ridicule. It may easily be conceived that the cadger is not an agreeable person to spend the night with; indeed there is a general accord among the masters of workhouses that their riotous and blasphemous conduct is so fearful that no respectable wayfarer will share with them the shelter and food of the casual ward.



The consequence is that the very class of deserving poor for whom the accommodation was intended never get it, and the whole system of casual relief is monopolized by thieves and idle vagabonds, with the full knowledge of the authorities. In order to repress the casual as much as possible a diet is invented which certainly cannot be called inviting. Dry bread and skilly, or gruel, is nourishment presented in the most obnoxious form; this may be fair treatment for the "cadger," but it is a cruelty, wholly undeserved, when offered to the honest wayfarer. Now the question is, can we by any arrangement distinguish between these two classes, and mete out to each the hospitality they deserve? The late Charles Buller, when President of the Poor Law Board, answered the question by refusing relief to all young able-bodied men, by exacting a task of work from all who applied for relief, and by the employment of police-officers as assistant relieving officers. These rules acted very effectually as deterrents to the professional cadger, for he will not work if he can help it, and he shirks the police-officer, who certainly would not permit the casual to make his regular rounds over and over again. On the other hand, the honest wayfarer was distinguished by the possession of a certificate given him by some one who knew the particulars of his distress. These regulations acted very well for a time, but on the death of their author they fell into disuse, and now indiscriminate relief is the rule. The police-officer should be restored to his post again—the honest man will not fear him, the rogue will. If we can weed out only one half of the 75 per cent. of professional "cadgers" who now disgust the workhouse masters and taint the very name of casual, some better relief could be afforded to the workmen in search of work, or the honest woman in search of her husband, than the regulation six ounces of bread and pint of skilly. It is a shame that in consequence of the bad behaviour of tramps, an honest man receives worse treatment from the workhouse authorities than the felon. If a man commits a robbery and is sent to Portland, he gets for his breakfast a pound of bread, a pint of cocoa, and two ounces of cheese. If he is simply honest, and wants a lodging for the night, he has six ounces of bread and a basin of gruel! Can we wonder that those who are dishonestly inclined prefer the prison? And let us imagine the conditions under which a poor man seeks the casual ward in a workhouse. He is mentally and physically depressed by being out of work and food; there is in his heart a secret resentment against society, which he holds responsible for this want; just when in this frame of mind, the Poor Law provides for him a sort of club, in which he is thrown in contact with cadgers and tramps. He hears their fine stories, their adventures, he is put up to their dodges for living upon the community, and for thieving between whites. Is it wonderful that scholars in this frame of mind should become victims to such apt masters? But we ask, is it not infamous that the law should lend itself to such a teaching? To throw the honest man, under such circumstances, cheek-by-jowl with the professional tramp or thief is a moral offence which is avenged by the moral law. If we knowingly foster the cadger class and deliberately bring them in contact with the poor creature wavering upon the edge of criminality, we establish a school of thieves which is certain to be more successful than any that is presided over by the art of Fagan.

In the Metropolis the police are at present acting as relieving officers with the happiest effect, and the "cadger" is driven away into the country districts; let Mr. Hardy return to the footsteps of Charles Buller, and it will go hard if we do not break up the happy family of tramps, or at least so interfere with their organization, that they shall no longer use our workhouses as hotels or places of social gathering after the labours of the day are over. Let us also hope that some degree of system may be introduced into the machinery of the Poor Law. As long as there are unions in which is imposed no task-work, and that there are others in which no relief is given, we certainly cannot wonder that there is a regular run upon certain unions and a studied avoidance of others—in other words, a most singularly well-arranged machinery to prevent the equalization of the poor-rate.

The cadgers themselves are careful to note these differences to their fellows as quickly as possible. Some of their announcements are exceedingly amusing. Here is one which for coolness cannot be surpassed:—

"I don't know where to go to put over the time untill Christmass, but there is too dry service in Yorkshire to please me; I shall take my likeness to Bristol for the next 2 months.—Westminster Cockney."

Or this, again:—"Beware of Ludlow Bare boards, no chuck." On the other hand, it would seem that some unions are in great

favour. There is a cadger who signs himself Bow-street who evidently is possessed of some education, as he thus apostrophizes the Seisdon Union in Trysull:—

"Dry bread in the morning, ditto at night,  
Keep up your pecker, and make it all right;  
Certainly the meals are paltry and mean,  
But the beds are nice and clean;  
Now don't tear these beds, sheets, or rugs,  
For there are neither lice, fleas, or bugs,  
At this clean little union at Trysull."

As a proof of the organization which exists among them, one of the masters tells us, that having made an order to take from all tramps the tobacco and pipes, he found that two days were sufficient to make it known throughout the fraternity. There is one feature in the tramp life fostered by the State which we wonder has not attracted the agricultural mind. Idle vagabonds who have been turned out of the workhouse for bad conduct are apt to revenge themselves upon the farmers' ricks in the neighbourhood; the contiguity of a union is therefore dangerous ground, and we wonder the insurance offices do not take notice of the fact. The cadger will never work, even if there is plenty of employment awaiting him close at hand. The Master of Shiffnal Union says:—"I have several times told parties, on being discharged, where they could obtain employment, and the answer generally given is, 'You may go to hell, and the work with you; we can do better without it.'" The master of the Walsall Union says:—"A short time since, a strong, healthy young fellow, aged 24, applied to me for a night's lodging, stating that he came from Dudley that day (a distance of eight miles). On being asked why he did not work for his living, he said, 'I don't like work or those who put me to it;' and laughingly added, 'I never mean to work if I can help it.'" "He that will not work, neither shall he eat;" and if such fellows were to be allowed publicly to starve to death, it would be a great encouragement to the others; but the law carefully provides against the chances of such a vermin-like death by way of scarecrow to the fraternity. For instance, William Woodward and Thomas Kent, after leaving the Shiffnal tramp ward, set fire to a stack of hay in a field adjoining the workhouse garden, and went direct to the police-station and stated what they had done; in other words, by an act of arson, they entitled themselves to the excellent dietary accorded to them in prison by Sir James Graham, who thought that the depressing influence of forced confinement demanded a more liberal supply of food. As tramps are forbidden by law to beg, they generally gain admission to houses by pretending they are hawkers of petty articles—steel pens, writing-paper, laces, &c.; or they pretend to be tinkers, umbrella menders, china repairers, or anything, in fact, which will give them an excuse for going to the back-door—that drain through which so much of the householder's substance escapes. When there, they have a fine eye for a fiddle-handled teaspoon; or if the house is a lone one, with only female inmates, they bully them until they either get food or money; the latter they spend in debauchery, the former they take into the workhouse with them and often strew it about the floor when they leave in the morning. It is not only in the workhouse that these scoundrels leave behind them handwritings on the wall or secret marks for the benefit of others of the fraternity, indicative of the treatment they are likely to receive. Every house in country places is, we are informed, marked by the cadgers either as good for "grub" or to be avoided. Our parting advice (in the spirit of *Punch*) to those benevolently inclined to give is—Don't. And, above all things, be careful and cherish any marks these gentry may make upon your walls, after denial, they will certainly preserve you against the visits of their fellows; and we should hope the masters of workhouses will conserve with a like care all the adverse sentiments to be found in the handwritings upon the walls of their casual wards.

#### LITERARY BLACK MAIL.

A PROSAIC philosopher of an eccentric turn has given it as his deliberate opinion that poetry is the result of a morbid state of the mind, that only a diseased intellect inclines to a metrical expression of its workings, and that in many cases verse may be looked upon as a species of mental eruption, harmless, perhaps, in itself, but bearing witness to the existence of some subtle poison lurking within the writer's brain. Every now and then, however, we discover an author whose poetic emanations are of a decidedly objectionable nature, and who belongs to the class of dangerous maniacs, rather than to that of harmless idiots. When a writer takes to extortion, and



thrives by levying black mail, the sooner society knocks him on the head the better. Only a shade less noxious than he is the man who goes about offering to puff any one who will pay him for his worthless praises, and threatening to hold up to derision all who refuse to disburse the black mail he demands. Two or three specimens of this class disfigure the literature of the present day, and bring discredit on the name of poet. There is the strange egotist who haunts, or used to haunt, a railway station in the north of England, carrying a bundle of his rhapsodies under his arm, and clamouring for purchasers as every train comes in. Passengers of any note who purchase his silence by a shilling or two laid out in rubbish, he daubs with unseemly praise in the next edition of his ravings; while on those who refuse to bribe him he pours out the vials of his wrath, libellously attacking their character or scandalously ridiculing their personal appearance. It is as well to let a man write himself down what he is; so we hereby allow Mr. Close—the “poet,” be it remembered, not the very reverend dignitary of the same name—to speak for himself for a moment. The following is an extract from the species of diary he published not long ago:—

“August 1.—Met a family in a first-class carriage who were very proud. The gentleman to all we said gave a gruff, peremptory “No.” No books, no bills would he look at, and with as proud a curl of our lips, and not too well-pleased shake of the head, we replied, ‘Very well, sir,’ and shut the door. Now, this *mild* gentleman was the Bishop of Durham, as we learnt soon after; and not like the great Apostle Paul, full of charity, as a Minister of the Gospel ought to be.”

Another craftsman of the same school is the “newspaper critic,” who a year or two ago used to beset artists’ studios, offering to give their pictures a good puff in influential journals, if they would only consent to buy a copy of his invaluable work on universal poetry. As his portrait has appeared several times in *Punch*, our readers will probably be familiar with his features, so we need only favour them with an extract from his poetical works, and pass on to another offender. The following beautiful passages are taken from “A Hundred Lectures,” by Mr. Ben. C. Jones.

The first is humorous, but unpoetical:—

“Rhea would not have Jupiter perish,  
So gave Saturn a stone for a relish.  
Thus, also, by a profound deception,  
She preserved to the world her son Neptune;  
And mighty Jupiter, also Pluto—  
Don’t you think Rhea was right (ladies) to do so.”

The second is grand and religious:—

“Chaos yawns, the gulf is deep,  
Worlds come tumbling from the steep  
Vault of heaven, there on high;  
Hark the crash! doomsday is nigh.  
Stars now fall, extinguished all,  
Except the radiant sun.  
See there, the moon, the planets, too,  
Come rushing on in one fell crew;  
Creation’s crushed, all is over,  
Except one god, Great Jehovah!”

The writers whom we have just mentioned are certainly valuable contributors to the great pile of the “Curiosities of Literature,” but their merits are eclipsed by those of the strange author whom we are now about to introduce to our readers. Mr. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone, author of the “Londoniad,” is at present the subject of certain unpleasant legal proceedings brought against him by Messrs. R. W. Winfield & Co., of Birmingham. His great work, the “Londoniad,” is a species of periodical, of which he has published about a dozen volumes since 1856, and which he describes as “the continuation of a University great prize poem on the Arts; giving a full description of the principal establishments in the capital of England, and forming altogether episodes in a grand national poem on the Arts.” What the work really contains is a series of rhymed advertisements, setting forth in doggerel verse the merits of any shopkeeper who is foolish enough to purchase fifty copies of what the author styles “a tablatore of benevolence and public spirit, befriending equally trade, gallantry, criticism, and politics.” This is, of itself, sufficiently degrading, but worse remains behind. If a harassed shopkeeper refuses to avail himself of Mr. Lidstone’s pen, that modern Archilochus revenges himself in the worst possible verse for the slight offered to his disappointed muse. We leave Mr. Lidstone to settle the question of libel with the gentlemen who obtained a summons against him at Guildhall from Alderman Besley a few days ago, and we now proceed to favour our readers with a few specimens of his taste and style as a man of letters—of three letters we should be inclined to say, were we addressing a Roman audience.

In the preface to the eleventh “Londoniad,” Mr. James Torrington Spencer Lidstone informs us that he was “born at Torr, Torquay, Devon, where his family existed from beyond the early Saxon times;” that he has been the “President of the London Vegetarian Society;” and that he is the proud possessor of the “Emperor and Empress of Brazil’s diamond star.” As to his great work, he tells us:—“I have ever considered intellect as a ray emanating from Deity, and with this idea I shall enter upon the ‘Londoniad.’ In it,” he adds, “the Independence and the Dignity of Literature will be upheld,” and he himself will be his own canvasser and publisher. In concluding his prospectus, he declares:—“I will strive, and it shall be the delight of my life to make it worthy of my own fame, the appreciation of my friends, and, if possible, of posterity.”

Now for the extracts with which we promised to regale the expectant reader. The only difficulty in culling them is to know where to begin and where to leave off, so great is the embarrassment of riches in which we are involved. Here is a gem, picked up at random from the mine of wealth before us. We take it from the “Twelfth Londoniad,” published last year, premising that the poem in which it occurs is dedicated to George ———, leather manufacturer.

“My fairy bark, with sails of light, o’er a sea of sunbeams glides,  
With morocco laden, roans, and enamelled hides;  
As a deity of the floods, halcyon-like she floats,  
With enamelled seals, Spanish horse-hides, chamois, seals, and  
enamelled goats;  
Above heroes of war a place the Muse assigned hers,  
Hail French enamelled calf, and hail too striped seal binders.”

Let us turn now to the following poetical prophecy addressed to “C. ———, Pianoforte Manufacturer to the Royal Family of Orleans and the Princess Joinville:—

“As prime inventor him we hail, and manufacturer,  
Art’s adamantine wreath on — doth the living age confer.  
Music did once for Thebes whole quarries thrill,  
And yet to the throne may bring Joinville,  
For the exiled Royal Family of France,  
The notes of his pianoforte’s entrance;  
And when they come again unto the Gallic Crown,  
They’ll know how much they owe to Clarence-road, Kentish-town.”

The following address to Messrs. — & Sons, Kentish-town, leather manufacturers, seems scarcely up to Mr. Lidstone’s usual level:—

“From continent to continent, like some ethereal Mons,  
Extend the empire of the arts through Mr. — & Sons,  
Wondrous importers they, yet, for exportation (sic),  
Their deeds are hailed by each near and distant nation.”

In the poem with which we conclude our notice of his laudatory efforts, he reaches a higher flight. It is intended to immortalize John ———, toilet-soap maker:—

“Here midst irradiate halls, with —’s patent soap,  
And crystal colonnades the muse her solar dome shall cope,  
For goodness of quality through a hundred nations known,  
Languages of a legion race sing — to renown.

\* \* \* \* \*

“I took some of his Shaving Cream once to Sir John Colborne,  
Who thanked me, and ordered more from King-street, in Holborn.  
I consigned some to th’ nephews of England’s much-loved primate,  
They analyzed and found it fit for any climate.”

Let us now see with what force Mr. Lidstone can wield the lash of satire.

Here is a pleasing impromptu about the late Mr. Cobden and the editor of a rather well-known journal:—

“In Richard Cobden existing nations see  
The prototype of existing Deity;  
John Delane—if for his likeness we would seek,  
We must strive to find it in an area-sneak.”

We have a vague notion that for this “epigram” our poet had to make an abject apology to Mr. Delane. But we are not sure of the fact, and certainly Mr. Delane was none the worse for such an attack. On the contrary, just as some Eastern people pay divine honours to the remains of men who have been torn to pieces by apes, so we are inclined to think very highly of any one who has incurred Mr. Lidstone’s displeasure. Here is a specimen of the style in which he abuses a brace of shopkeepers who have refused to comply with his commands:—

“Give me back my manuscripts, O Baker Dodson,  
Ere I lash you with the flail of Pluto’s godson.  
Colour, Gibson, heartless loon,  
You’d better do the same full soon.”



Still more ferocious is this :—

"Avenging Pallas shakes her gorgon shield  
Full in thy face, thou cheat, thou perjurer, Field."

Or the following, addressed—

"CRAWSHAY BAILEY.

"One who, like you, would take advantage of  
Time or place to annoy a gentleman,  
Like you, must be a coward and a knave."

We think we have quoted enough to prove what manner of man Mr. Lidstone is. We shall be curious to know what manner of appearance he will make, or has made, in a court.

#### THE LONDON CABS.

THE sum total of the hansoms and four-wheel cabs at present in London amounts to 6,229, of which 3,815 are licensed to ply for seven days and 2,414 for six. At a corresponding period of last year there were in all 6,224 cabs in the various streets of the metropolis; from which numbers it may be seen that the cab trade of London does not increase in the same ratio that London does itself. Indeed, for the last ten years the numbers have remained pretty nearly the same—now slightly above, and now slightly below the average sum. The business of "cabby" holds out no great attractions: it is attended with no fixed remuneration, and its rewards are mainly dependent upon chance. There are days on which a driver may earn £2 or even £3, and others on which he finds himself several shillings out of pocket. But the sum which he pays to his proprietor and employer is not in proportion to his gains. Lucky or unlucky, his outlay is precisely the same; and without this outlay he cannot carry on his trade. The usual charge of proprietors to drivers for hansom cabs is from 12s. to 18s. a day, and is regulated by a variety of circumstances, such as the time of year, and the value of the horse and cab let out—just as the number of cabs themselves varies with the season. Thus, in January, there are usually about 150 vehicles less than the average number; and in July fifty or sixty more. Consequently, in the height of the London season, the driver of a hansom cab pays about 4s. or 6s. more to the proprietor than he would during "the dull time of year." For instance, while the International Exhibition lasted it was not an uncommon thing for a proprietor to ask a driver as much as 25s. or 30s. a day for a hansom; and on certain special occasions, such, for example, as those at which reviews are held, the sum demanded by the cab proprietors immediately increases. Night cabmen pay considerably less than do those who drive by day, a hansom being procurable by a driver for 5s. or 6s. from eight o'clock in the evening till nine o'clock the next morning. As may be supposed, four-wheel cabs involve a much smaller outlay, lessening the expenses of the driver by 3s. or 4s. a day. On the other hand, those who ply with these vehicles can seldom get as much, or nearly as much, by their day's work as the hansom cabmen—hansom "fares" being far more plentiful, and often more liberal in their remuneration. Besides these expenses there is an annual sum of 5s. to be paid for his license by every driver of a cab, as well as—when he first applies to Scotland-yard for permission to exercise his trade—half a crown for a book of distances. It is then, too, that he is called upon to sign a requisition, stating his age and a few other particulars, and also giving the names of two householders as vouchers to his respectability. Practically, however, no one is disqualified from obtaining a license, and the result is that every kind of character is to be found in the ranks of the "cabbies," and men of infinitely varying antecedents. There are cabmen who have never driven a horse till they have obtained their license—men who have been journeymen carpenters, soldiers, railway servants, and constables; and there are also men who have been accustomed to the stable from their childhood, who have been grooms and coachmen, sometimes even jockeys. But as the "cabby's" life is not a tempting one, as the wages of his labour are so uncertain, and as he can always obtain his situation without any adequate guarantee of respectability, it is too often the case that the number of cab-drivers are recruited by those who have no character to support, and who have failed to preserve the regularity and, it may be, honesty, indispensable to all branches of industry whose rewards are certain. If the cab-driver can secure a daily average of 6s. profit, he may consider that he has done extremely well.

Having thus given some account of one of the two classes which carry on the London cab trade, we may proceed to describe the cab proprietors themselves, and the nature, expen-

diture, and profit of their business. Very often, it must be known, the same man unites in himself the two characters of master and of cabby; but for all practical purposes cab-masters may be regarded as an entirely separate order. A man cannot establish himself in this business without some little amount of capital. The expense of a hansom and a four-wheel cab is almost exactly the same, and varies from £48 to £60; the annual cost of a proprietor's license is £1 for each vehicle, or, as it is technically called, for each "plate"—the plates on seven-day cabs being green, those on six-day cabs white in colour. In addition to this there is a daily duty of one shilling for each plate, which is paid monthly in advance, while defaulters are deprived of their license. These are somewhat heavy draws on the pocket of a small proprietor. On the horses kept there is no duty whatever. Cab-horses are of all prices, and of various degrees of worth, those in hansoms being as a rule the best. It is difficult, however, to procure a really serviceable cab-horse under £20 at the least, and generally the proprietor allows himself £25. Sometimes these animals are of really illustrious pedigree—discarded hunters and worn-out racers,—and their drivers will relate all manner of tales of their bygone exploits. But their life between the shafts of a London cab is trying, and they seldom are available for more than five years. The proprietor, as a rule, allows two horses to each cab, and the expense of each cab, inclusive of everything, may be reckoned at about £3 a week. Breakages, it must be remembered, are constant, and the health of horses is precarious. Seven shillings a day is considered a fair profit for a proprietor on a cab and its accompanying two, or possibly sometimes three, horses. A cabby's day consists of about sixteen hours, from eight or nine o'clock in the morning till some time after midnight. Usually he is compelled by the proprietor to change horses once, at four o'clock in the afternoon. As may be supposed, the cab-master never allows the cab-driver any long credit. As a rule the money for the day's hire must be paid down before he leaves the owner's yard, though there are some proprietors who will allow the evening to be the settling time, and will not even then insist upon the full amount being paid if the day's work has been particularly unproductive. In the whole of London there are only four owners of more than fifty cabs, and of these the most extensive proprietor possesses seventy-nine. Before the proprietor can obtain his license at Somerset House, he must secure what is known by the name of a "Police Approval," a certificate that the cab for which a "plate" is required has been inspected by the police, and is in a fit condition to ply. Finally, it is upon the cab-proprietor rather than the cab-driver that all responsibility devolves. He retains the license of every cabby in his service, and it is against him that summonses are issued for the misconduct of his drivers. A considerable percentage of drivers lose their licenses for such offences as drunkenness, dishonesty, and abusive language; but they experience little difficulty in again procuring them. Loitering, too, may be punished in the same manner; but here a caution always precedes the actual infliction of the penalty. There are also many provisions included among the regulations of Sir Richard Mayne, some of them perhaps unknown, which, unless they are complied with, legally involve a fine of £2—such, for instance, as the omission on a cabman's part to have his distance-book with him, or to give to every person who may enter his vehicle, without being actually called upon to do so, the ticket which contains his number. These, however, are negligences which are generally dealt with leniently, perhaps too much so, by the public. Such is the condition of, and the relation between, masters and employers in the cab trade. If the former are often fortunate enough to acquire a comfortable competence, it is very seldom indeed that the latter have anything more than what is sufficient for their necessary expenditure from day to day. Cabmen are a class amongst whom anything like providence and caution is very rare: their method of life, the very precarious nature of their earnings, and the scenes and station in which they have generally been brought up, all conspire to render them careless for the future, and averse to lay by for a rainy day. When, in addition to this, we take into consideration the long hours of work, the temptation arising from the bad system of payment to steal or "find things," or bully, and the incompleteness of the legal arrangements regulating the vehicle system of the Metropolis, it is not surprising that cabmen are no better, as a class, than they are. If we wished we might divide them into various kinds: there is the sporting cabby, the seen-better-days cabby, the own-horse-and-trap cabby, the drunken cabby, the occasional cabby, the broken-down cabby, and so on in almost infinite variety; but we have already said enough of their circumstances to show what development



their characters are likely to attain. One more remark, however, we may make: there is as much room for natural aptitude and skill in the trade of a cabman as in that of most other working men. A great deal consists in a man's knowing in what particular streets and what points of streets it is best to take up a position; at what times and by what means fares are most readily secured. About three years ago a cabman's club was formed in Islington, but it has not been particularly successful; and attempts to establish among cabmen trades' unions and co-operative societies have generally, we believe, failed.

#### AN AMERICAN "POW-WOW."

If you asked in America what was the meaning of the term "pow-wow," it would probably be explained to you as signifying an informal "caucus"; and if you knew not the meaning of caucus, would you have the courage to show your ignorance? We may, however, intimate that it is used to designate a conference of political chiefs from various parts of the country. There was such a one held by the Radical, or Abolition, party in Philadelphia recently, and the Democratic or Conservative reporter proceeds to give a characteristic description of it, but first announces the fact by half a column, in large and staring type, of startling phrases, such as these:—

"DISUNION.

FOURTH DAY OF THE NIGGER-WORSHIPPERS' POW-WOW.  
APPEAL OF THE DISUNIONISTS TO THEIR FELLOW-CONSPIRATORS.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE REJECTED.

HORRIBLE BLASPHEMY IN THE CONVENTION.

POOR WHITES, BORDER-STATESMEN, NEGROES, AND WOMEN  
IN BREECHES, ALL AT LOGGERHEADS.

THE SPLIT.

PARSON BROWNLOW AND THE INFERNAL REGIONS."

The Pow-Wow had opened some days before, and we are now to behold the closing scene. It had been inaugurated with a prayer from a minister who differs from Beecher in being still warlike in times of peace. This edifying chaplain ventured, with unworthy profanity, to utter this prayer, which sounds like a curse:—"Almighty God, we beseech Thee to deliver us from the rule of bad men, especially from him, Andrew Johnson, who, through Satanic agency, has been raised to authority over us, and who, abusing that authority, is endangering not only the life of our Republic, but our personal liberty." And he invokes Him to "make bare thine arm of vengeance"; and much more, which we refrain from quoting. This being the spirit in which the Pow-Wow was convened, we can pardon the reporter of the opposite party if he is impelled to sketch it in a somewhat satiric spirit. There being some negroes present, he stigmatizes it as a "parti-coloured Pow-Wow"; and as many of the members were lights of teetotalism, he has this mild piece of irony:—"The League-house had very prudently closed its bar, but the number of 'dead ducks' found in the street between midnight and breakfast-time, indicated that there was a good supply of whisky to be procured outside." He is magnanimous enough to admit that it was a success, qualifying it thus neatly:—"It was a perfect outpouring of all colours, odours, sexes, and ages; the Sambos and Dinahs making a good share of the crowd." Skilfully adopting "apt alliteration's artful aid," he puts the matter in a nutshell:—"Fuss, fireworks, fifes, and fanaticism, drew every one from their houses, and the streets were well filled." Nevertheless, he declares the Convention was a political failure. In the description of the scene outside, he is rich and discursive, as is his wont. If there have been stray twinges of humour in the crowd, he notes them; if not, it comes to much the same thing, for he manufactures them. He delights in spicy dialogue, and always takes care to indulge his readers with a sample of it—or of what he thinks they will consider to be such, and probably he can gauge their taste accurately. Here is one specimen; and it will be invariably remarked that the advocate of the writer's views has constantly the best of it. He entitles this anecdote, "Giving them 'Fits,'" and narrates it neatly:—"During the passage of one of the numerous ward-processions," he says, "one of the banners elicited a discussion among a group on the side-walk. The conversation, carried on between a Conservative and a Negro-equality white, was as follows:—

"*Negro-Equality*.—Three groans for old Andy Johnson, the tailor!

*Conservative*.—It's no disgrace to be a tailor, is it?

*Negro-Equality*.—Not to be a decent tailor; but to be such an old butcher as that fellow, is a disgrace.

*Conservative*.—Well now, see here, my friend, I don't see how you can call him a butcher, for, by thunder, he is showing just now that he is able to give you fellows 'fits!'"

Of course, Mr. Negro-equality White had no more to say. Our "hero" can adopt another system also, and hold up his adversary to ridicule by reporting, or pretending to report, his speech phonetically. Such we see under the puzzling caption of "Andy Johnson, a Me-yule!" It seems a Virginian delegate was holding forth on the President's character, and he receives this favourable mention from the President-loving reporter:—"Virginian (very boozy)—Some people think Andy Johnsing a firm man. He is not. He's got no firmness like Jackson had. He's a Me-yule. You've seen them ar Me-yules? I've had 'em on my farm. They'll go with you for awhile, but all at oncet their ears is lopped back and their legs is stuck out, and all darnation can't git 'em to move!" In his description of the inner life of the Pow-Wow, he is not less happy though not quite so lively. When a delegate moves that a committee be appointed to raise money to defray the Convention expenses, he is alluded to as "a thoughtful member from Texas, having an eye to business," who sees to "passing round the hat." Of another member's "form of address," which, "if any one could be found to print it, would fill five pages of a large newspaper," he sarcastically remarks:—"It is said that the composition of it was commenced immediately after the capitulation of Lee's army, and was finished last week. Its position is strongly in favour of negro suffrage, and there is enough of the 'platform,' if printed in slips, for all the 'poor white trash' of the South to stand upon." The Address, which was adopted, cannot be charged with any lack of severity in dealing with the President: it frankly denounces him as a perjurer, a traitor, a persecutor, the friend of conspirators, and the protector of assassins. This, one would fancy, was going far enough; but a member who is familiarly mentioned as Jack Hamilton went so far as to charge him with high treason. Whilst accompanying the President, Secretary Seward had urged that to maintain exceptional laws against the South was to place the President in the position rather of King than President, and asked his audience which they preferred—knowing the reply. Mr. Jack Hamilton made a sensational speech out of this; and if everything be fair in love or war, then this was fair. He said:—"I beg to have attention for a moment to state the fact that on yesterday, in the great State of Michigan, Mr. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, put in nomination for King of the United States Andrew Johnson. (Hisses and groans.)" The words of Mr. Willis of Maryland, who followed, were received with "applause"; yet these were his words:—"I would rather see Andrew Johnson three hundred and sixty degrees low in the infernal regions, along with Booth, Burr, and Arnold, than either President or King." But there was a minority of the delegates anxious, not only to abuse the President, but to compel the Pow-Wow to declare itself for negro suffrage. Whatever were the views of the majority, they thought that such a declaration would render their party unpopular, and they opposed every attempt to have it passed. In fact, it was another split between North and South—for the Southern Radicals know that they will have no support in the States which they assume to represent, if the negroes have no votes. One of their devices to raise the courage of the Convention to the desired height is worth mention. They had a couple of the most noted abolition lecturers they could acquire present, for the purpose of inflaming the minds of their audience; and as these could not speak in the Pow-Wow, there were various attempts made, at critical times, to have an adjournment for a few hours. At length they succeeded, and in the interval the celebrated Miss Anna Dickinson was brought forward. "This interesting young lady," says the gallant reporter, "then ascended the platform, threw off her jockey hat, wiped her face with a dainty cambric handkerchief, ran her fingers through her short curls, and prepared to respond to the enthusiastic call." Her eloquence was too much for this Conservative scoffer; he puts away his sarcasm, and indulges in one glorious flight of fancy. It seems the negroes in the galleries applauded. They would have received curt notice on any other occasion, but now that there is a lady in the case, the chivalrous reporter says, with more than usual continuity of metaphor:—"The lightning of her eloquence was continually followed by thunders of applause from the black cloud fringing the Convention!" But the lightning played harmless around the stubborn form of the too famous Parson Brownlow, conductor of the proceedings which followed on the re-assembly of the Convention. He moved the adjournment, *sine die*; and then there arose such a tumult that "there was a loud call for lights, the delegates evidently fearful of a row in the dark"—an occurrence not



pleasant at any time, but much less so when your neighbours are in the habit of carrying arms. The Parson held his ground, but bent to conciliate his opponents in these terms: He thought the Convention had done its work, but he thoroughly approved of negro suffrage. "I would sooner," he cried, "be elected to any office under heaven by the votes of loyal negroes than by disloyal white men; I would sooner be buried in a graveyard with loyal negroes than with disloyal whites; and if I went to hell or to heaven, I would sooner go to either place in company with loyal negroes than with disloyal whites" (vociferous applause). So the assembly which had opened with prayer closed with the words of this Gospel minister in its ears. The disputed resolution was evaded, and another referring to a postponement substituted. But what a picture of the violence of party now affecting the Republic do we not perceive in this extraordinary Pow-Wow!

#### THE BIRD IN SEASON.

GROUSE and black-game have been on our tables for the last six weeks; the feast of St. Partridge is already among the things of the past; and, although the doom of the long-tails is imminent, we must wait another day or two ere we can eat pheasant without breaking the law. What, then, is the bird of the season at this time and on this very day? Surely, it is that bird which, according to circumstances, is variously called "noble" or "silly," and on whom many other epithets, chiefly of a scornful nature, have been bestowed—the goose! On this day, of all others in the year, it is legitimate that such a topic should be discussed, and that a little goose-talk should be indulged in, so that, as Poor Robin said, our "discourse do smell of goose;" for St. Michael's-day, undoubtedly, brings the bird prominently before the mind, and also is the happy medium for introducing it to that other portion of the human frame that has an intimate relation with the brain. The gentle Elia penned an essay on the innocent and tender virtues of the roasted but immature pig; we will content ourselves, as being more germane, not only to the season but also to a highly-seasoned subject, to discourse discursively but briefly on the full-flavoured glories of roast goose.

We are content to leave to a learned and entertaining contemporary the province of elucidating the obscure question as to why and wherefore the festival of St. Michael is not duly observed unless a leading dish at our dinner on that day should be roast goose. Probably, it is merely from the fitness of things that—

"By custom (right divine)  
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine,"

as said the wretched Charles Churchill, who was the bear in canonicals in Hogarth's famous picture; and St. Michael has been adapted to the goose much in the same way that great rivers were made to flow beside great towns. For it is at the stubble season that we may echo the words of Poor Robin, in his almanack for 1695, and say, with equal truth and appreciative commendation—

"Geese now in their prime season are,  
Which, if well roasted, are good fare."

And, so early as the reign of our fourth Edward, in the year 1470, we find a Herefordshire lord of the manor—one of that family of Barnaby that still flourishes in its old soil—granting a parcel of demesne lands to John de la Hay, on condition that, on the feast of St. Michael, he brought him a goose fit for his dinner. And this was the ordinary tenants' tribute at this season, when, with a nosegay of Michaelmas daisies stuck in their coats, they came up to their landlord's house to pay their Michaelmas rent. George Gascoigne, in his "Poesies," published in 1575, tells us what gifts the tenants were expected to bring with their rent:—

"And when the tenants come  
To paie their quarter's rent,  
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,  
A dish of fish in Lent;  
At Christmasse a capon,  
At Michaelmas a goose,  
And somewhat else at New-yere's tide,  
For feare their lease flie loose."

It is to be regretted—at any rate by those who are landlords—that, in respect of this matter of tribute, tenants have sadly degenerated since Gascoigne's day, and that now, if a landlord wants a stubble-fed goose from his tenant, he must pay him for it to its full value. But in those good old times when the custom was observed, they who had many tenants must have received a corresponding number of geese; and

thus they who were rich enough to purchase their geese had no need to do so; whence arose the old proverb, "He that has a goose will get a goose." And, doubtless, the Michaelmas dinner was sometimes relished by those covetous, uncharitable specimens of the wealthier classes who were defined in another old proverb as they who "would steal a goose and give away the giblets for alms." As roast goose was the correct thing to place on the table on St. Michael's-day, we need not wonder that good Queen Bess should have eaten of it on that eventful September 29th, 1588, when, on her way to Tilbury Fort, she dined at Sir Neville Humfreyville's, and washed down her appetizing fare with a half-pint bumper of Burgundy, giving as a toast, "Destruction to the Spanish Armada!" and shortly after received the welcome news that her wish had been gratified. The addition to this historical anecdote, that the Queen ordered the day to be remembered by the eating of roast goose, may be merely a romantic supplementary statement, for the custom was already in vogue, and it is one that, up to the present day, is justly popular, and is more honoured in the observance than the breach.

If we could select the house wherein to eat our Michaelmas dinner, we should not prefer to have for our host that Staffordshire pitman who, according to the custom of his class, loves to indulge in the best and most savoury dishes, but who did not define the foolishness of the goose after the Johnsonian pattern, for, said he to his companion when they had finished their dinner, "The goose may well be called a silly bird, for it is rather too much for one but not enough for two." His companion might have adopted the reply that Dr. Thomas Sprat made to the Duke of Buckingham, who asked him at his dinner-table how it was that the goose was always placed next to the parson? "I cannot tell," said the divine, "but I shall never again see a goose without thinking of your Grace." Although in a different sense to that in which the Staffordshire pitman used the word, the goose, despite of its historical fame in saving the Capitol by its timely cackle—for that it is a very wakeful bird the marauding fox and thief have often found to their sorrow; and that it is even more wakeful than a watchdog, we have the authority of Dryden's couplet,—

"Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,  
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace;"

despite its fame for wakefulness, together with longevity—the goose may well deserve its epithet of "silly," and may justify that University piece of witticism—"Question: What is the silliest bird in Latin? Answer, the goose." That air of stolid stupidity which the bird assumes when he complacently lowers his head to pass under the loftiest arch, has never been more truthfully represented than by Bewick, who, in another famous woodcut, has excellently caught the self-satisfied look of the eight geese as they waddle, in Indian file, from their pond, and who may have been the self-same "noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool" in Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn." Macbeth, as we may remember, demanded of his scared servant where he got his "goose-look"; but that merry old country person, John Skelton, has invested the goose with a Burleigh-like appearance of wisdom; for, says he,—

"When the raine raineth,  
And the goose wynketh,  
Little wotteth the gosling  
What the goose thynketh."

Those thoughts might possibly be "thoughts that are too deep for words;" and, whether the goose may appear to be silly or profoundly wise, he becomes a "noble" bird, when set before us on Michaelmas-day, as roast goose. By the way, the porter of Macbeth's castle made a jest about the tailor roasting his goose, which might lead us into speculative inquiries as to the connection between a tailor and a goose, and the antiquity of that relationship. Did it arise from the tailor's posture at work, with his legs trucked under him like to a sitting goose? And why should his iron be called a "goose"? was it because its handle was once fashioned like to a goose's wing? The gridiron in connection with the bird, is said to have no connection with the tailor's pressing-iron, for that this culinary instrument in the sign of "The Goose and Gridiron" was intended to burlesque a harp which the goose was represented as feigning to play with his webbed foot. These, however, are matters for inquiry which we leave to the ingenious. Turn we from fancies to realities. How shall our goose be cooked? Roasted, of course. Whoever heard of boiled goose? A fowl or a turkey may be boiled; but your goose is a noble bird, and must be treated as you would treat the lordly venison—it must be roasted. And what is the seasoning for this bird in season? Onions, sage, salt, pepper, and cayenne, deftly mingled; and if



a stronger seasoning be preferred, "which," politely suggests our authority, "occurs, we apprehend, but seldom," then the onions must be increased in quantity. The flavour of their incense is said to be moderated by the use of a lemon; and the bird may be further stuffed with mashed potatoes, made rich with butter and cream, and be further seasoned, up to the Queen Bess standard, with a mixture of mustard, cayenne, and port wine. Then there is the rich gravy, and the sauce. And the sauce! ay, there's the rub. We may flavour our roast goose according to our private taste, or to the fashion of that quarter of the kingdom in which we dwell; and the sauce may be apple or tomato, gooseberry or sorrel. The two latter, however, are commonly reserved as condiments for "green geese," who come, as says Biron—Shakespeare's Biron—when "the spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding;" this same Biron, by the way, afterwards applied the term "green goose" to the maiden whom love converts to a "goddess." But apple sauce appears to be the general favourite as an accompaniment to roast goose, although the French laugh at us for its use. Perhaps we might return the derision at the perverted gastronomic art that can provide gourmands with *pâtés de foies gras*, prepared after the Strasburg recipe; though the modern Gauls, in adopting the notion of the ancient Gauls, have gone far beyond that Roman delicacy of the white goose's liver eaten with fat figs, of which Horace partook at the banquet so ostentatiously given by Nasidienus—the fame of which delicacy was also sung by Juvenal, Persius, Athenæus, Varro, and Martial—and whose selection, as a choice dish, is accredited to the elder Pliny. At the same time this subject of apple-sauce is a matter for much speculative inquiry, and the inventor of its application to roast goose is not unworthy of a companion niche in the temple of Fame to that occupied by the first eater of an oyster. The gooseberry sauce, too, plunges us into further investigations. Why gooseberry? Was it adopted from some fancied connection between the goose and the gooseberry? Perhaps so; at any rate, the fruit, from its prickly character, was originally called the gorse-berry; and gorse is vulgarly called gos, which is the first syllable of gosling, and is easily convertible into goose.

The consideration of this seasonable subject might lead us to stray into many by-paths that branch off from it; from the goose-step of the British recruit to the theatrical "goose," whose hiss is dreaded alike by author and actor; from the goosey-geese-gander, whose fitful and eccentric wanderings upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber, are so faithfully recorded in the chronicles of the nursery, to that fabled goose who "let fall a golden egg with cackle and with clatter," and who has since been immortalized for the deed by Tennyson; from that "royal game of goose" that was played in the public-house at Auburn, to that plucking of geese, of which Falstaff speaks as among his youthful pranks, and which was such a trade in our fen counties, and which we have also seen practised in north Northumberland; from the grey-geese quills that winged the arrows of the victors of Agincourt, to the goose-quill of the clever Charles Perrault that penned the far-famed "Tales of Mother Goose." He, probably, used more pens than one; but Allatius, the keeper of the Vatican Library, had one that lasted him for forty years; and Philemon Holland confined himself to one when writing his translation of Pliny's "Natural History," and he celebrated it in these lines:—

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,  
Made of a grey goose-quill;  
A pen it was when I it took,  
A pen I leave it still."

Crabbe has spoken of the patriot drawing "his grey goose-quill in his dear country's cause;" and Cowper has shown how it may be made "a sacred implement," "a mischief," "a toy," "a trifle," or even something "worse than a poignard in the basest hand." We are content, on this anniversary of St. Michael's-day to limit our goose-quill's aim to the seasonable and appetizing record of roast goose.

#### "OURS."

ALTHOUGH, under the head of "London Theatres," we last week noticed Mr. Robertson's comedy, there are points in it worth a special mention; and, indeed, we now so seldom get a really new play, that a second recognition of the event is scarce out of place. Mr. Robertson is a careful writer. The simple plot which he lays down to ground his work, and the fearless manner upon which he relies on other resources to interest, indicates a confidence in his own powers which the result does not contradict. He is also thoroughly English. His personages do not appear to meditate French cynicisms, and talk them in

another tongue. We can from time to time catch refreshing glimpses of that old-comedy style in which our writers were unequalled, the concurrent action of circumstances which illustrate each other in movement, and yet which strike us by force of contrast. We allude, for instance, to the scene where Angus MacAlister and Blanche Haye are cooing under a tree, while at the same moment Lady Shendryn and her husband are quarrelling; the manner in which the dialogues and the attitudes present alternately a serious and a comic view of things to the audience, and simultaneously help the progress of the comedy, is admirable. Hugh Chalcot is a creation of which the author may be proud. He was wanted on the stage; we met him everywhere but on the boards, and Mr. Robertson has secured him for us without spoiling a single feature of the original. Mr. Robertson has made one mistake about Hugh Chalcot. There was no necessity whatever for putting him forward as a martyr to a misplaced affection, the device was wholly superfluous. Hugh Chalcot remaining a bachelor because he liked to be a bachelor, and suspected he was looked on as a catch by mothers and daughters, would have been a perfectly consistent personage; but there is something stale and flat, a concession to the gushing law of how matters should be in a novel, in showing him up as a victim. Mr. Robertson has been most happy in Mr. Chalcot's talk. Nothing can be better, or more distinctive. You not only see the class of man by it, but you see the individual, and both perceptions are requisite, one to reconcile you to the appearance of the character, and the other to impart an interest to it. The moment Chalcot opens his mouth you feel intimate with him: you recognise his tastes, sympathies, and faults at once. He is a perfectly agreeable fellow, who has no valid excuse for not marrying, and the author cunningly shows us how this want of completeness leads him into the expression of opinions in which he evidently does not believe. Chalcot's satire is as harmless as mere fun; its over-smartness occasionally is a fault which Mr. Robertson would do well to correct. In the third act, where Mary Netley asks for a paste-board to make a pudding; Chalcot suggests a map as being a *pasteboard*, and the miserable joke transforms the whole scene—brings us from the region of comedy to that of burlesque. It is, we think, remarkable that where Mr. Robertson is not exceedingly good in dialogue he is exceedingly faulty. Sheridan, whose plays are not critically deserving of imitation, sold the interest of his comedies for the sake of sparkling witticisms which have become current; Mr. Robertson will not compete with Sheridan, although he may very successfully with Mr. Tom Taylor. He possesses a genuine instinct for simplicity, and whenever he is untrue to himself, the mistake is manifest. His sins are neither radical nor incurable. They are the mistakes which a man, knowing how to dress, will occasionally commit in a loud tie or a mottled shirt-front. Perhaps we should here discriminate. Mr. Robertson can joke delightfully sometimes. All the jests about the twins are delicious. They are never too obtrusive, never indelicate. Even Sergeant Jones, who, under the management of a farce-writer, would be uncontrollably Shandean, is made to keep within proper bounds. The sergeant is every inch a sergeant as well as a soldier. He has a touch of Bagnet. His allusion to the twins as suffering from a complaint "under the stock" is capital, and so is his conversation with Chalcot in the first act. But why does he always wear his hat on in the presence of ladies and in a drawing-room? This is excusable when he comes on as an orderly, though, even then, it looks ugly. The British soldier is so common, so beneath social recognition, that, when we want him, we call him before us without permitting him the privilege of honouring our women after our own fashion. By the way, the sergeant is patronized to an extent which we doubt if all sergeants would stand. He takes money on the strength of the twins without the least protest, and the ladies address him as if he was a pet Newfoundland. His offices in the piece are limited to the twins and saving the life of Chalcot. The part is admirably supported by Mr. Younge, who not only makes the most of it, but makes, we suspect, more of it than the author intended. The part of Chalcot is played by Mr. Clarke as well as if he were not playing at all.

Angus MacAlister we take to be the weakest character in the comedy. Mr. Bancroft looks the part capitally, but acts it like a stick. We cannot get that solid stereoscopic sight of him we can of Chalcot. His love is the love of a faint heart. He sighs and groans and maunders without much effect. He disappoints the promise of his appearance over and over again. He makes love like a bear or a schoolboy. His business in the hut with Blanche Haye over the coffee is effort without end or success. When ordered to the front, he gets away cleverly, but spoils his exit by the stage growl to Chalcot, who, stirred by this familiar point, is tempted into a bit of staginess on his own account, and glares determinedly into the pit. A great deal



too much of property fun pervades the same scene. When you have made one joke out of a jam-pot, procuring another out of a crock of marmalade is not very ingenious. Then Chalcot's washing is prolonged tediously. Swift, in the diary to Stella, interpolated a passage with gibberish representative of his ducking his head in water; Mr. Robertson must have borrowed this paragraph for Chalcot. Another drag, and of a meaningless kind, is the frolicking of Miss Moore and Miss Wilton while awaiting the return of their lovers. The display of fur-topped boots and red stockings, the cigar and the musket interlude, again summon up the disturbing reminiscence of burlesque. Then both these young ladies are, with every respect to them, too young mimetically, too boarding-school. Putting out of question altogether the violent outrage to probability in having them occupied with hoydenish recreations at such a moment, and the opportunities which Mr. Robertson has lost in this situation, we do not think we are compensated by the performances which do take place. They exhibit but too evidently how our best actresses are spoiled by the terms of "pretty," "charming," and "fascinating," constantly applied to them. Miss Wilton and Miss Moore are both bent upon being more "pretty," more "charming," and more "fascinating" than ever. The consequence is, that we suppose they succeed in effect, but certainly not to the benefit of Mr. Robertson's comedy. Miss Wilton's "role-pole pudding," while clever, is over-done. Her Mary Netley is altogether, however, a spirited and a talented impersonation. Mr. Hare's Prince Perovsky is wonderfully Russian; but in having him taken prisoner in the very nick of time, Mr. Robertson was rather bold. There seems to be a kind of miscalculation on the part of the author about Sir Alexander Shendryn and his wife. He tortures the latter with jealousy to a degree which at once suggests to us that Sir Alexander *ought* to tell his wife the truth, and a listener is distressed to find it kept back for a motive inadequate and incommensurate. Shendryn's kindness is evident cruelty; and being evident, we are troubled rather than interested by it. But Mr. Robertson has put his strength and trust in realism, not of motives, but of talk and action. Here lies his province; and a legitimate, healthy, and influential dramatic province it is. It is difficult enough to render him almost fearless of imitation. His imperfections may be reproduced; but there is a stamp of originality in his work which we trust he will cultivate by further exertions. His comedy is the comedy of our day. It will transmit a faithful picture of our manners and modes of social thought. Chalcot's drawl may be lost; but Chalcot's unselfishness, chivalry, and sound sense, will last. If we compare "Ours" with the artificial comedy, with its sentiments and its repartees, we can measure our advance in honesty of feeling if not in mere polish of language. Some of the critics have written as if the play was a mere play upon words. When Hook asked for the salt people laughed at him, and in the same way there are persons ready to grin at every syllable of "Ours," and for this Mr. Robertson cannot be blamed. As we have said, where he does sin the smirch is very apparent; but we should scarce notice the flaws if the rest of the piece were not so perfect. Certainly Mr. Robertson need never offer the excuse for his play which Lamb preferred for the dramatists of the Restoration; his characters do nothing, say nothing, and hint nothing, that would bring a blush to any cheek. And with this he is never dull. His vivacity is toned (save in a few cases, to which we have adverted) to a humour exhilarating, but never boisterous. He has, perhaps, on account of his severe realism, to dread that he will suffer by changes in the fashion of conversation; but his work, based as it is, upon thorough principles of art, cannot materially deteriorate. In his next effort we should wish to see him eschew the melodramatic element, Crimean huts, and distant firing. We have no doubt whatever—indeed, he has proved—that he is independent of such accessories. Let him also keep the actresses to *his* business. Those spoiled pets can shine elsewhere in lime light, but in true comedy should be content to limit the operation of their personal graces to the essential points. Miss Wilton is equal to more than she has yet attempted, and Miss Louisa Moore, who is both smart and promising, may fairly cease to put too much trust in Balmorals and flame-coloured hose. Mr. Robertson has a wide field in society as it is, and a field which has been little hunted up. Above all, he should avoid that haste which now appears to be a fatal consequence of success, and purge himself of puns which are not so bad as to be inveterate.

THE well-known statue busts in front of the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, have been removed, as unsafe.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. MCKENNA, member for Youghal, has been rendering an account of his Parliamentary stewardship to his constituents. He went into the House as a Liberal, and came out an Adul-lamite, with a new theory. Youghal, according to the local topographer, is remarkable as being the place where the first Irish potato was planted; it will, in future, be no less remarkable from the fact of its being the spot on which a financial cure for discontent has been compounded. Mr. McKenna's view that, so far as his country is concerned, Whig and Tory have been as Cæsar and Pompey, is true enough, though we do not think he makes a sufficiently strong case for preferring the Tories. The *Globe* very pertinently asks—"Ought not the first act of Mr. McKenna, when he reappears at Westminster, be to place on the notice paper a resolution pledging the House to repeal, so far as Ireland is concerned, the excess of taxation?" Mr. McKenna's reading of foreign policy, and his allusion to the spread of Liberalism, must be regarded as profoundly original, and, if accepted in Youghal, we should recommend the inhabitants to frame them in a conspicuous place as a sort of "game of goose." A significant fact has been overlooked in connection with this speech. The gentleman who followed Mr. McKenna was a Roman Catholic clergyman, who proposed a resolution to the effect that, while the constituency were attached to Democratic principles, they fully approved of the vote of their representative which contributed to the removal of the late Ministry from power. We must candidly admit that the late Government were remiss in practically treating Irish grievances, and the loss of priestly influence would be serious in the event of a change of parties. But Mr. McKenna did not put a fair case. He reverted to famine years and stock complaints to cover and to colour that opportune conversion into Toryism by which he has attained the questionable laudation of the *Standard*. A little time will test the sincerity of his novel convictions, and until then we may credit them for as much as they appear to be worth.

If we had reason to believe that Dr. Colenso had been aware of the miscarriage of the Bishop of Capetown's scheme of consecrating Mr. Cox the rival Bishop of Natal, we should say that his letter in the *Times* of Wednesday was a note of rejoicing over another fall of his adversary. The letter looks very like something of the kind; or, at least, it has appeared in admirable time to answer such a purpose. Beyond this, there was really no occasion for its publication. The Bishop had been misrepresented in a paragraph which had been copied from the *Times* into the *Natal Mercury*; and, although the reflections are weak, and had been often made before, Dr. Colenso immediately throws himself into an attitude of defence. The first remark made in the *Times*' paragraph is that it is difficult to understand how Dr. Colenso can "retain his position in a Church which has made the canonicity of the Pentateuch an article of belief." But the truth is that this is a net through which the heretical Bishop can easily escape. The canonicity of any book of the Bible strictly means no more than that it is in the Canon; and this is a fact which neither Dr. Colenso nor any other person can deny. There is much more in the second objection, which represents him attacking prayer addressed to Christ; and on this point Dr. Colenso is undoubtedly in the wrong. It may be that it is not exactly correct to say that prayer to our Lord is "the foundation-stone of our Liturgy;" but the fact that any such prayers, even four, are in our Prayer-book, is a proof that the Liturgy recognises the practice, and thereby authorizes Christians to extend it as they think proper. The question is really not deserving of all the noise the Bishop of Natal endeavours to make about it.

ORIENTAL politics are coming up again. The insurrection in Crete (where it would now seem that the patriots were victorious in the late action, instead of being defeated, as at first announced from Constantinople) is only one symptom of a fresh outbreak of the old disease. The successful defiance of the Porte by Roumania, in the matter of the new German Hospodar—the eager, expectant state of the national mind in Greece—the reawakening of Russian interest in the health of "the sick man," and the generally electric condition of the European diplomatic atmosphere—seem, when taken in combination, to forebode some approaching crisis. It is certain that Russia is talking once more about Turkey and the Christian populations in a strain which she has hardly adopted since the Crimean war. With France indisposed for present warfare



—with Austria dispirited and humbled—with Prussia engaged on her own designs (which do not point in the direction of an Eastern Empire), and with England leaning more and more every year to non-intervention principles—Russia may consider that there is nothing to interpose between herself and the Golden Horn, should she choose to advance in that direction. At any rate, Prince Gortschakoff, the First Minister of the Czar, goes to Biarritz, to talk politics with the Emperor Napoleon; and when the Emperor Napoleon confers with a Cavour, a Bismarck, or a Gortschakoff, something like business is generally contemplated. We find also the *Correspondance Russe* talking of the "mission" of Russia in the East, and remarking:—"The action of Russia is free; she can say to her co-religionists, 'I am ready to help you to the utmost of my power. If you are satisfied with your fate, Russia rejoices at it; but if, sooner or later, you are disappointed in your expectation, you will find in me a strong and sincere supporter.'" Nevertheless, it is not to be supposed that Russia is contemplating an attack on Turkey. She is merely waiting and watching.

A TELEGRAM from Paris was published this week announcing the death of Count Baciocchi. The gentleman whose decease was thus made known to the English public was connected with the Imperial family through the marriage of Eliza Buonaparte (eldest sister of Napoleon I.) with a M. Baciocchi of Corsica. He held the post of First Chamberlain of the Imperial household—an office including the control of Court entertainments, Court music, and the Court chapel—and was also Superintendent-General of Theatres. His death had been expected for some time, and the Emperor and Empress respectively, before departing for Biarritz, had taken a most affectionate leave of him. Her Majesty had even left with him a reliquary containing some relics highly prized, some of which had been taken from the tomb of Charlemagne by Napoleon I., with respect to which the story runs that as long as he kept them in his own possession all went well with him, while the reverse was the case after he had given them away to the Empress Josephine. From her hands they passed to those of her daughter Hortense, and at her death came to Louis Napoleon. Count Baciocchi possessed in the highest degree the esteem and confidence of his illustrious patrons and relatives, which he is said to have deserved by his zeal, fidelity, and discretion. Like the Emperor, he had a remarkable talent for silence, and, though admitted to the closest intimacy with his Sovereign, was careful to keep within the secrecy of his own breast the things which his opportunities permitted him to see and hear. It is rumoured that Count de Nieuwerkerke, who is indebted to the discriminating friendship of the Princess Mathilde for the post he enjoys as Director of Beaux Arts, is in future to combine the superintendence of the theatres with that department, which, considering the acting and dancing as fine arts, may be a fair arrangement. If the dictatorship of theatres, however, should be kept distinct, it will probably be given to Prince Poniatowski. M. de Nieuwerkerke will succeed Count Baciocchi as First Chamberlain; but some of the duties of the office are in future to be discharged by the Marquis de Coregliano.

In France they are expecting the end of the world. Even sceptics (according to the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Star*) are beginning to talk in a religious strain of "signs and tokens;" but their newly-found religion takes a very gloomy colour. The continual rain, the extraordinary character of the late events in Germany, the disturbed condition of the Continent, apparently pointing to further convulsions, the cholera, and the precarious state of the Emperor's health, all contribute to the general depression, and induce some people to suppose that the consummation of things is approaching. Yet, when we bear in mind that we have had great and sanguinary wars before now, complications in the political system, and bad weather—that the cholera is not new to us, and that great Princes have been sick in other ages besides our own—the facts seem hardly sufficient to support the conclusion. The Parisians, like most gay and volatile races, are liable to fits of bad spirits; and certainly the recent weather has been enough to afflict any one with hypochondria. Apart from prophetic considerations, the state of things is serious. There have been serious floodings of some of the rivers in France, and both there and here the crops are being spoiled. On Tuesday, a brilliant sun and a soft blue sky of surpassing beauty seemed to give promise of settled weather; but the clouds have closed in upon us again.

PRUSSIA has celebrated her victory amid the roar of cannon, the blare of trumpets, the ringing of bells, the singing of hymns, and the shouts of an intoxicated people. The King was there, and the Queen, and the Princes, and the Crown Princess (our Princess Royal), and the great generals, and the greater statesman who has directed the whole course of events, and a bevy of fifty Berlin beauties, chosen by a council of three judges, for their beauty only, to present wreaths and make pretty speeches. It was an imposing demonstration; but in the midst of it all sat Bismarck, pale, fevered, and silent—sick almost to death with the labours of the last few years, and the fearful strain and excitement of the last few months. His malady is said to be in the brain, like Cavour's; and we can well believe it.

THE disturbances in Palermo have been serious. The insurgents got possession of the Government buildings, obtained a mastery over the city, cut the telegraph, so as to destroy communication between Sicily and the mainland, and succeeded in shutting up the troops and the civil and military authorities in the Royal palace. The Government asserts that the malcontents were simply brigands; but it has been found necessary to despatch 20,000 soldiers to the scene of action. The truth appears to be that the movement was partly Republican, though the insurgents may have augmented their strength from brigand and Ultramontane sources. Sicily has always been rather Republican in its leanings, and the Florentine Government has of late not been popular. The attempt, however, could only terminate in one way—by showing the futility of any effort (whether it be Republican or Bourbonist) to upset a national settlement which the vast majority of the Italian people have created, and are resolved to maintain.

A FEW days ago, the prizes gained by the successful candidates in the Middle-Class Examination were distributed at Exeter. *Apropos* of this, the *Times* devotes a leading article this week to the contemplation of Oxford and Cambridge at work in the provinces, and descants upon the advantages which this new examination system affords. How little such a system ever entered into the ideas of the original founders and benefactors of the Universities! Once they were like Wordsworth's Cloud-city—"self-withdrawn within a wondrous depth;" now they exhibit an outward movement, no less important to the country at large than the attraction by which they draw students within their own walls. A *seminarium*, in the truest sense, they were ever intended to be,—a place for the training and nurture of young plants in a kindly soil; but they never thought till now of sending out skilled gardeners to inspect younger and unpretentious plant-nurseries scattered all over the land. Yet this is what is now done by the Middle-Class Examinations. The benefit is two-fold, both to the pupils and the masters of the schools. The examinations keep the former up to the mark. It is a feather in the cap, and possibly a more solid advantage, to write A.A. after one's name. There may be a broad space between A.A. and A.1., but the A.A. is as true a test of intelligence as A.1. is of sea-worthiness; and there is a stimulus applied to the masters as well. To show a high average of A.A.'s among its pupils, is the best advertisement for a school of the kind—better than the most flaming prospectus. Mr. Squeers had a staggering programme of the studies at Dotheboys Hall; but no A.A. would have come forth from its walls. The universities are doing a good, we may even say a great, work in applying a standard to our middle-class schools; and we should like to see a similar or even stricter inspection of many schools of higher name, and especially of those small, half-private establishments where pupils pay high, and often learn next to nothing, through the idleness or incapacity of the master. But if, at a middle-class school subject to University examination, a pupil can receive a course of instruction including "English language and literature, history and commercial geography, mathematics, surveying, arithmetic, drawing (engineering and architectural), writing, French, book-keeping, and vocal music, also the elements of natural philosophy, and physical science," and all this for one guinea a quarter, as guaranteed by the schools in the course of establishment by the Middle-Class Schools Corporation, surely we need not despair of our national education. We may draw nearer and nearer to the perfections of Prussia which are in everybody's mouth, and in the next generation we may even show that we possess "Geist."

WE have further details of President Johnson's progress through the Western States. His speeches, as he goes on,



become wilder and more intemperate than ever. Either he is misreported, or his utterances are at times not very coherent. At St. Louis, Missouri, he almost raved, and was received with cries of "Go it, Andy!" "Bully for you!" and other elegant Americanisms. Somebody having called him "Judas," he retorted that where there was a Judas there must be a Christ, and he denounced Thad Stevens, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner, for presuming, by implication, to compare themselves with Jesus. Yet immediately afterwards he suggested a similar comparison of himself. "While there were Judases," he said, "there were unbelievers. Yes—oh, yes—unbelievers in Christ—men who persecuted and slandered, and brought him before Pontius Pilate, and preferred charges, and condemned and put him on the cross to satisfy unbelievers; and this same proceeding, diabolical and nefarious, there are to-day those who would persecute and shed the blood of innocent men to carry out." All this is lamentable, but the other side is just as bad. The President has unquestionably met with some vehement opposition during his progress, and he does not seem to have gained anything by the move. To make matters worse, Mr. Seward has been taken dangerously ill on the rail, and fears are entertained for his life. He is the President's chief strength, and his loss would be very serious.

THE incomes of the working classes, of those who do not pay Income-tax, is in England, Scotland, and Ireland enormous in its aggregate. Mr. M. T. Bass calculated it at £350,000,000, Mr. Gladstone at one million lower, and a writer in the *Times* ridicules both, especially the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for his exaggerated estimate. Upon this, Mr. Bass sets Professor Leone Levi, a very prominent member of the Statistical Society, to work; and the result is, that, at an average of 16s. 2d. in England, 14s. 10d. in Scotland, and 11s. 9d. in Ireland, men and women earn the astounding sum of £418,300,000 sterling. Taking Professor Levi's figures as nearly correct—and they are perhaps more under than over—they should teach us two things. First, that Ireland's discontent is not without foundation, as she is the worst paid of the three, in spite of the different value of the necessaries of life; secondly, that, setting aside Mr. Bright's complaint against Government for non-education of the people, and the quarrels of the Churches as to how they are to be educated, the time has come when education should be as general and as compulsory as vaccination. The old *laissez faire* system is utterly wrong; it produces creatures ignorant of good, but educated in evil, unwilling to enter a school, but eager to break open a bank. A tithe, nay, the tenth part of a tithe, of £418,300,000 wisely used would not merely clear the calendar of juvenile thieves, but turn the tide of evil, and make the probable bad ones into possible good ones. Let the Government try it.

THE Marquis de Boissy, of Fenian and other Anglophobian tendencies, died on Wednesday. He was married in 1851 to the Countess Guiccioli, whose name will be familiar to those who have read Byron's biography. The last feat of the Marquis was his inviting Stephens, the Head Centre of the I.R.B., to dinner. He was the Whalley of the French Senate, and was remarkable for nothing but his eccentricity, and for his marrying the Countess Guiccioli.

THE result of the Simla Court-martial has been that Captain Jervis, while acquitted of the main charges brought against him, has been dismissed the service for charges directly arising out of the accusations which have goaded him to breaches of military law. In fact, he was found guilty of doing what he never would have done but for the unaccountable indiscretion of his commanding officer. Captain Jervis was recommended to mercy by the Court; but Sir W. Mansfield refused to entertain the recommendation, and confirmed the sentence.

A VERY large bundle of toothpicks may be purchased in the Arcades for a trifle. No one has ever seen a waiter throw aside those implements; and it is not easy to describe the feeling which overtakes an observant diner when he notices them carefully collected off the tables by the attendant. The following is from the Baden correspondent of a daily paper, and it suggests how these things are done on the Continent:—

"A man opened a restaurant here at the beginning of the season. It went on well. A stranger went to dine there in the fifth week of its existence. 'Give me a toothpick,' said he. 'We have none left,' replied the waiter. 'None left! what do you mean?' 'Why, sir, we

had a lot at first, but the diners not only used them, but—would you believe it?—they took them away!'"

IN the current number of the *Illustrated London News* there is a good portrait of Bismarck, who will also figure in the *Almanac de Gotha* of next year. He has a bald head, a thick, bushy, iron-grey moustache, and protruding eyes. When Bismarck in the flesh becomes Bismarck in marble, there will be as much difference between the two as there is between the caricatures by Gilray and the elder Cruikshank, of the "Corsican Ogre," and that wondrous ideal head of Napoleon, by Delaroche.

EVERY man is supposed to be present at his own funeral, but he is not expected to return from it and swindle an insurance company. M. Vital Donat, having insured his life for 100,000 francs, and becoming a fraudulent bankrupt to the amount of £24,000, suddenly disappears from Paris, and afterwards turns up in Manchester-street, London, as M. Roberti. Here he procured a certificate of his own death, and then had a grave dug at St. Patrick's Cemetery, Low Leyton. The Rev. Mr. McQuoid duly officiated over the "remains," and an inquiry being afterwards set on foot, the grave was opened and the fraud discovered. Meanwhile, the defunct had escaped to America, but was caught on his return to Antwerp by the Belgian authorities, by whom he will be handed to the French Government.

A CONSERVATIVE journal, usually designated by a feminine appellation, has a leader on the Manchester meeting in which we find the queer phrase, "200,000 persons assembled to catch a glimpse of the skirts of the arch-agitator." Why the skirts? This is a way of putting things which is simply despicable, whether regarded from a political or a literary point of view. A daily paper may be excused for many unavoidable errors; but this abusive fustian argues a want of taste which nothing but ridicule can cure. In other respects also, the penny style is becoming a nuisance. The journal which boasts the largest circulation of any in the world, had a leader the other day on the entry of the Prussian troops into Berlin—undoubtedly, in many respects, an effective leader, with thought and feeling in it; but in the description of the banners and the music, the speeches and the firing, we come across this amazing sentence:—"Amid the silence of the people, the grey old monarch and his Prussia laid the amended map of Europe at the footstool of the King of Kings." Another penny "daily" contrives (involuntarily) to introduce a touch of the ludicrous even into that inexpressibly mournful story of the little boy who was hanged in a cellar by his father:—"And now his preparations were complete. He pointed to the door, and said, with a roughness worthy of his brutal intentions, 'March!'" Certainly, the penny style is wonderfully made.

WE last week commented in a Note on the absurd consequence that was given the trial of Emily Simmons before Mr. Payne. A contemporary, in an article headed "Mr. Payne and the Ballet Girl," very seriously argues that bad results "will follow from the creation of a legal precedent in favour of accepting the plea of personal beauty in mitigation of punishment. We think, therefore, that to insure uniformity of procedure, it is possibly the better plan to disregard the personal appearance of prisoners," &c. This appears after a distinct contradiction of the "facts" given publicly by the foreman of the jury who heard the case. Simmons was brought up again on Tuesday, and the *Times* remarks that "there was no indication of any connection with the *corps de ballet*." On this occasion we trust Mr. Payne vindicated his character in the eyes of his censors by the two months' imprisonment and hard labour which he gave the prisoner. Perhaps the humane, funny, or instructive writers who have descanted on this subject egged Mr. Payne to put on the "hard labour" in order to show his judicial impartiality.

THE Mastership of the Rolls in Ireland, it is said, will be conferred on Mr. J. E. Walshe. Mr. Morris is to succeed him as Attorney-General, and Mr. Chatterton is spoken of for the office of Solicitor-General. Mr. Chatterton has a very extensive practice at the Irish Chancery Bar, and, as is the custom in Dublin, he also undertakes a large amount of common law business. The appointment of Mr. Baron Fitzgerald to the Lord Justiceship of Appeal would give universal satisfaction.



THE late Archbishop Whately would have had a valuable instance of the correctness of testimony in the recent accounts of the Manchester demonstration. As given by the papers, the numbers vary from 15,000 to 200,000. No wonder that records of battles should appear inaccurate when an occurrence in our own days, specially reported, cannot be represented without our casting for an average between figures like the above to arrive at a sum near the truth.

DURING the last three days, the annual "Onion Fair" has been held at Birmingham, when shows and all other amusements were in the ascendant, in addition to the strong-smelling and tear-producing vegetable. Various attractions have been provided for the holiday folk—from Mr. Sothern at the theatre, to a performing elephant at Wombwell's Menagerie. The latter actor introduced some novelties in his performance, which, in the incoherent language of the bills, were thus denoted:—"The elephant will perform selections on the organ at each representation, besides other musical instruments." Perhaps he blew his own trumpet, as other public performers have done before him.

A LIVERPOOL journal informs us of a "Thieves' College" existing in that town. There are men and women teachers of the art of Cartouche and the Dodger, the pocket-handkerchief, the purse, and the watch-chain departments being presided over by different professors. Burglary and the use of the garotte is taught by experts, and the accomplishment of begging-letters is a branch in itself. We suspect there are no "prudes for proctors" in this seminary—but is there such a place at all? If there is, surely the authorities should take cognizance of it.

THERE was a prize-fight this week between Baldwin, described as an Irish giant, and Marsden, who hails from Nottingham. Baldwin had the best of it, but the ring was broken towards the finish, and the referee, we are told, "left his seat." Where does he sit? We imagine his chair is not an easy one. Our sporting papers—notably the chief authority on the Turf and Ring—are conducted by gentlemen, and we wonder they can countenance, even judicially, by sending "referees," those unrelieved exhibitions of blackguardism.

In our paragraph last week with reference to the recent battle between the Paraguayans and the Allies, the loss in men of the latter appeared, erroneously, as 800, instead of 8,000. The South Americans must not, in these sanguinary days, be deprived of any part of their dismal glory.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE opened last Saturday night with a programme which was somewhat ostentatious in its legitimacy. First in the list was Shakespeare's historical play of "King John," and after that came the "Comedy of Errors," compressed into one act, the two Dromios being represented by the Brothers Webb. These two actors trade very successfully on a remarkable resemblance which they bear to each other, and which they use with great effect in pieces like the "Courier of Lyons." The best performer of the two is unquestionably Mr. Henry Webb, who was once the low comedian at the Marylebone Theatre, and afterwards manager of the Queen's Theatre, in Dublin. He possesses a great deal of rough vigour and humour, and is not seen to full advantage in Shakespearian farces.

The historical play of "King John" was produced at Drury Lane last November, under the joint-managership of Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Falconer, and Mr. Chatterton has considered it advisable to commence his season with it now that he is left as the sole manager of the theatre. It is mounted with spectacular completeness rather than grandeur, and is furnished, like most of Shakespeare's historical plays, with a very tiresome allowance of trumpets. The two chief scenes are Mr. Beverley's representation of Northampton Castle and the bastioned town of Angiers. Mr. Phelps still plays King John—one of his most effective impersonations,—and Master Percy Roselle, the most endurable of infant prodigies, is still the representative of Prince Arthur. Two changes for the better have been made in the cast. Mrs. Hermann Vezin replaces Miss Atkinson as Constance, and Mr. Barry Sullivan, returned from Australia, takes the place of Mr. Anderson as Faulconbridge. Mrs. Vezin is rather weak, but respects the text of the author, and Mr. Barry Sullivan is less ponderous than the general run of tragedians.

Mr. Tom Taylor's new drama at the Olympic, "The White Boy," is a piece that revives recollections of "Peep o' Day" at the Lyceum, and "Arrah Na Pogue." The scene is laid in Ireland during the riotous period of 1795, and the play contains a very liberal allowance of brawling, jigging, and illicit distillery. The heroine is a peasant girl, played by Miss Milly Palmer, and the hero is a rough peasant with the usual generous instincts, played by Mr. Neville. The villain is an Irish spy, the comic man is an English lawyer, who is ill-treated in every possible way, prescribed by farce writers, and the surroundings are a blustering Irish landlord, fond of claret and duelling, an interesting captain of soldiers, and a number of jerky Irish peasants, whose legs appear to have very little connection with their bodies. The subject and treatment of the play are thoroughly conventional, but the story is interesting, and the drama contains several excellent situations. The dialogue is lively and compact, the stage business is well arranged, and, of course, the scenery includes an Irish pot-house, and the view of a ruined abbey. The acting has hardly the real Irish smack, but it is a very good imitation. Mr. Vincent is too self-conscious and palpable as the villain; Mr. Dominick Murray makes a favourable first appearance at this house as the comic lawyer; the same may be said of Miss Milly Palmer in the character of the peasant girl; and Mr. Addison, an old member of the company who has returned to his old quarters, has a warm bustling part in the testy-old-uncle order. The piece was performed for the first time on Wednesday night before a small, select, and cold audience, who attended what is called a "dress rehearsal." Mr. Horace Wigan, the manager of the theatre, and one of the best actors in it, is again conspicuous by his absence, but he contributes a little piece to the programme called "The Best Way."

The new Holborn Theatre will not open until Saturday, Oct. 6, with Mr. Boucicault's sporting piece, "The Flying Scud," the principal scene in which will be a representation of a race-course, copied from Frith's "Derby Day."

The Haymarket opens on Monday, but with no novelties. The "Heir-at-Law" will be played until Thursday, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews return, and appear in the "Overland Route."

The Adelphi opens on the same night, with Miss Kate Terry in the well-worn little drama "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing."

At Drury Lane, on the same night, the singular experiment will be tried of performing "Macbeth" with Miss Amy Sedgwick as Lady Macbeth.

Miss Herbert's opening piece at the St. James's, on Saturday week, will be the old comedy of the "Belle's Stratagem," as Mr. Boucicault's drama, "The Two Lives of Mary Leigh," will not be ready until November.

THE LATE EARL OF CARLISLE.—About fifteen months ago, a movement was started in Malton for the erection of a permanent memorial of the Earl of Carlisle on some part of the Castle Howard estate. The Malton proposal was subsequently merged in that of a county meeting held at York, at which Lord Houghton proposed and carried the erection of an art memorial—a Corinthian column, shortly to be founded on Bulmer Hill-top, near Malton. The character of the late earl being *par excellence* that of a philanthropist, many of his friends were desirous of erecting what they deemed to be a more fitting memorial of the benevolent nobleman; and now that the subscriptions are obtained for the county pillar, the Archbishop of York and those associated with his Grace have set about raising £500 to erect a Carlisle Chapel at the Castle Howard Reformatory School, four miles from Malton. The late Earl was the president and greatest friend of this institution, which hitherto had no chapel accommodation. About twenty donors have already subscribed one half the amount required.

## SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH both tradition and history are silent on the subject, we know that some thirty centuries or more ago the valleys of the Mississippi and the Ohio were the residence of a people who, in the number and gigantic character of their earthworks, have left an enduring testimony to the density of their population and industrial activity. Amongst the ancient remains of this race, to whom the appropriate term of mound-builders has been applied, a group of "inclosures," or "forts," near Newark, Ohio, have long been celebrated on account of their great extent and remarkable regularity. They consist of a series of elaborate earthworks in the form of a circle, octagon, and square, and enclose an area of about four square miles. A recent number of Silliman's journal contains an interesting account of the exploration of a mound, or tumulus, situated about three miles from these earthworks, on the summit of a ridge in the midst of a stately forest. At least ten thousand of these mounds are known to exist in the State of Ohio alone, and they are supposed to be the workmanship of the same race who erected the larger earthworks. The Indians, though retaining no tradition of this more ancient population, regard their works with great veneration, a feeling not generally shared by the present possessors of the soil, by whom hundreds of these monuments of the past are annually swept away, and their contents—forming the only memorials of a race whose history has been buried with them—irrevocably lost. The mound in question was conical in form,



about ten feet in height and eighty in diameter at the base, and its contents proved in many particulars to be more important and interesting than any of the relics previously obtained of this unknown and long-buried people. An excavation at the apex of the mound, about eight feet in diameter, was first made. The earth was a light loam, quite different from the soil of the ridge itself, and its peculiar mottled appearance indicated it had been brought to the spot in small quantities. At five and a half feet below the surface a broken pipe was found, which had been evidently long used. It was carved out of soft limestone. Pieces of a tube of the same material about an inch in diameter, with a bore of two-thirds of an inch, were found near the pipe. About seven feet from the top of the mound a thin layer of white substance, spreading horizontally over several square yards, was observed. Near the centre of this space, directly under the apex of the mound, a string of more than 100 beads of native copper was found, and with it a few small bones of a child about three years of age. The beads were strung on a twisted cord of coarse vegetable fibre, apparently the inner bark of a tree, evidently preserved by the salts of copper, the antiseptic properties of which are well known. The position of the beads showed clearly that they had been wound two or three times round the neck of the child, and the bones themselves (the neural arches of the cervical vertebrae, a clavicle, and a first rib) were precisely those which the beads would naturally come in contact with, when decomposition of the body ensued. These bones evidently owed their preservation to the carbonate of copper with which they were coloured, the rest of the skeleton having entirely decayed, though the position of the body was clearly indicated by the darker colour of the earth. The beads were about one-fourth of an inch long and one-third of an inch in diameter, and had evidently been made by hammering the metal in its original state. On the same cord, and arranged at regular intervals, were five shell beads of the same diameter, but about twice as long as those of copper. All had apparently been well polished, and the necklace must have formed a striking and tasteful ornament. Native copper, hammered cold, seems to have been the favourite material for ornaments among the mound-builders. The metal was probably derived from the Lake Superior deposits, as they exhibit abundant evidence of ancient mining operations, which no one acquainted with the subject would attribute to the recent Indians. Lying a little to the east of this interment, and at a slightly greater depth, a white stratum similar in character to the one already described, was found, and in the centre, lying one above the other, were two adult human skeletons, remarkably well preserved. The heads were towards the east, slightly higher than the feet, and the arms were carefully composed at the sides. A careful microscopic examination of the white stratum, which appears a characteristic feature of the interments of mound-builders, showed that it was formed of two decayed layers of bark, between which the bodies had been placed. Directly above these skeletons was a layer of reddish earth, a mixture of ashes, and burnt clay, in the midst of which was a pile of charred human bones belonging to an adult rather below the medium size. The two skeletons found beneath were of opposite sex, the female about thirty years of age, and the male somewhat older. Probably they were those of husband and wife, and the charred bones above may have been those of a human sacrifice slain at the funeral ceremonies. Another similar interment of a single male skeleton with a like pile of human remains was found a little lower down, and further to the eastward. Just before reaching the natural surface of the ground several skeletons of various ages, evidently buried in a hurried and careless manner, were found. On reaching the surface of the ridge, the dark colour of the earth at one point attracted attention, and examination showed that a grave six feet long, three feet wide, and two feet deep had been excavated in the soil before the mound was commenced. In this grave were found parts of at least eight skeletons, evidently thrown in carelessly. A number of implements of various kinds were found in this grave; near its eastern end were nine lance and arrow heads of flint and chert, six small hand axes, one of which was of hematite, a flint chisel, and a flint scraper. In the central part of the grave, near an aged female skeleton, were a large number of bone implements, all exceedingly well preserved. Among them were five needles, or bodkins, from three to six inches in length, neatly made from the metatarsal bones of the common deer; a spatula, cut from an ulna, and about a dozen peculiar implements, formed from the antlers of the deer and elk, cylindrical in form, and from three to eight inches in length, and apparently polished from long use; a whistle made from the tooth of a young black bear, and several spoons cut out of the shells of river mussels. Scattered about the bottom of the mound, and also in the grave, were various animal bones, most of them in an excellent state of preservation, the hollow ones having been carefully split open lengthwise, probably for the purpose of extracting the marrow. In only two cases could the contour of the skulls be ascertained. Both these were of small size, and showed the vertical occiput, prominent vertex, and large interparietal diameter, so characteristic of the crania of the American race. It is worthy of remark also that the incisor teeth, like those of the mummies and Danes of the stone age, meet edge to edge, instead of the upper overlapping.

An interesting paper, "On the Upheaval of our Shores between the time when a Celtic population first inhabited the Lowlands of Scotland and the present day, with special reference to a Rise of the Land since the period of the Roman occupation, and to a rise within the last half-century," has recently been read before the Geological Society of Edinburgh, by Mr. Thomas Smyth. He

exhibited a stone celt, which was found near Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, at a depth of 8 feet 10 inches—in a deposit of fine laminated clay containing recent shells—and 26 feet 5 inches above high-water mark, showing there must have been a rise of land of about 26 feet since a stone-implement-using population inhabited that part of Perthshire. Mr. Smyth showed from numerous authorities that the Romans had a harbour which extended from Fisherrow to the foot of the hill near Inveresk, and another at Cramond (the ancient Alaterna), and that the remains of the Roman dock-walls showed that these harbours could not have been less than 25 feet above the present high-water mark. Mr. Smyth and a friend also found in a sand-pit, between Dunbar and Linton, a Roman lachrymary and a coin of Antoninus Pius. They were included in a deposit of soft clay, beneath a perfectly-undisturbed marine deposit of stratified sand and gravel, 7 feet 10 inches in depth. The spot was exactly 24½ feet above high-water mark, and a mile from the sea. As Antoninus Pius reigned in the second century, it follows that seventeen centuries ago, when one Roman dropped his lachrymary and another a coin on the beach, the surface must have been at least 24½ feet lower than at present—a difference which could only be accounted for by upheaval. Mr. Smyth next adduced evidence to show that there had been an upheaval of 2½ feet during the last half-century. During the last fifteen months he had made a systematic examination of the shores of the Firth of Forth, and that part of the east coast which lies between Dunbar and Berwick-upon-Tweed, to endeavour to ascertain whether there had been any decided upheaval of the coast line within the memory of persons still living. He found persons who stated that fifty years ago, when smuggling was carried on to a considerable extent between the Continent and the east coast of Scotland, boats used to land near St. Abbs Head and Fast Castle, in Berwickshire, at places where they could not find sufficient water to land at present, even at the highest tides. They used to land on ledges of solid rock, which were now above high-water mark. Several iron rings still remained, marking out the precise locality of these operations, and he had come to the conclusion that at the lowest computation there must have been an elevation of the land of from 2 feet 6 inches to 2 feet 9 inches within the last fifty years. The Leith tide-gauges show that in the year 1810 the mean tides rose to a point 2 feet 10 inches higher than at present. Mr. Smyth stated, in conclusion, that the upheavals now taking place along the shores of the Firth of Forth and in Berwickshire has its counterpart in Caithness, which is rising at nearly the same rate, and as we know that Norway and Sweden are also rising, the probability seems to be that it forms part of a general upheaval extending to Scandinavia.

MM. Tessié du Mathay and Rousseau have discovered an improved mode of bleaching, which greatly simplifies the process, without detracting from its efficiency. Oxygen, the great agent in all bleaching, is in the new process applied in the form of ozone disengaged from permanganate of soda by the organic matter of the fabric. The substance to be bleached is plunged in a slightly acid solution of the permanganate of soda, and stirred about in it for a few minutes with a glass rod. It is next removed, and placed in a bath of a solution of sulphurous acid, which removes the violet-brown oxide of manganese deposited upon it in the first bath. This process of successive immersions is to be repeated from two to three times, when the fabric will be found to be beautifully white, without having had its strength of fibre in the least degree impaired.

FRESH AIR AS A PREVENTIVE OF CHOLERA.—Dr. L. W. Lewis proclaims, as we learn from the *New York Citizen*, that fresh air is the best preventative of cholera extant. He says if people will only keep their windows open night and day, giving fresh air a chance to fill their lungs and ventilate their apartments and purify their clothing, they run little danger from cholera. He writes:—"The great point is, to induce people to sleep with their windows open, in cool weather as well as warm. If necessary, put on additional clothing, but above all things have fresh air." Dr. Frank Hamilton, who, when the cholera broke out on Blackwell's Island, kept the people out of doors all day, and the windows of their rooms open all night, and thus in five days checked the ravages of the disease, adds his testimony to that of Dr. Lewis, and says:—"The man who can persuade the poor people that with plenty of air they are secure against cholera, will do much."

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

AFTER a brief interval, the money market has again resumed its downward course. Yesterday, the Bank reduced their rate from 5 to 4½ per cent., and there seems little doubt that 4 per cent. will be adopted next week. The demand continues very slack, notwithstanding the usual Government payment at the close of the quarter, and the fact that another large batch of Indian bills falls due at the end of the week. It is a curious circumstance that during the present shutting of the Consol books for the payment of the dividend next month, there have been scarcely any applications for loans from the Bank—a significant proof of the superabundant supply of money. The dictum of Mr. Disraeli that during the late crisis capital was



wanted, not currency, is thus signally disproved. Probably little or no addition has been made to the available capital of the kingdom, but, distrust having vanished, there are increased means for bringing what already exists into use. This result affords one more reason for regretting that the persons intrusted with the management of the financial affairs of the kingdom are almost invariably ignorant of the practical working of the system they nominally supervise. If Mr. Disraeli had been a merchant accustomed to pass his days in the City, and at every moment engaged in the ordinary routine of mercantile business, he would never have fallen into the blunder we have pointed out. Nothing can equal the lessons which personal interest gives in matters of commerce and finance. Even the most correct and methodical writer on political economy will speedily find himself at fault when he has to deal with the actual money market. Our Chancellors of the Exchequer and other great "thinkers" constantly find themselves in the wrong, not from want of ability, but want of experience. Unfortunately, as far as the former are concerned, they do little to correct the deficiency. They consult none but bankers, and, as a rule, only the directors of the Bank of England. Well managed as this national institution generally is, it labours under the same defect that afflicts even the least unpopular of our Government offices. There is always a lurking spirit of red-tape, a devotion to precedent, a desire to keep in the old groove, to avoid the trouble of striking out a new path, and in consequence a general, though disguised, adherence to obstruction. Although the directors are invariably chosen from the most eminent merchants of the day, they insensibly imbibe this *genius loci*, and become as completely transformed as a navy reformer is when appointed to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty. Hence the Government and its advisers are generally, if not always, behind the intelligence of the day. Now and then, a Chancellor of the Exchequer may be found to break through his self-imposed trammels; but the instances are unhappily rare.

How far is the present fall in the value of money to continue? This question is not difficult to answer, if reliance may be placed upon existing indications. There are the favourable features of large imports of gold and silver from India and Australia, without reckoning parcels of sovereigns constantly coming forward from the Continent and elsewhere in moderate amounts separately, but large in the aggregate. Secondly, the demand for capital shows no signs of revival. As far as trade is concerned, we appear doomed to a period of stagnation, which promises to continue without a break for some time to come. As regards speculation, that may be considered as completely dead. One or two prospectuses have lately been timidly put forth, but have fallen flat, the public just now having a very marked and not unnatural distrust of anything resembling a joint-stock company. Foreign loans are in equal if not greater disfavour. The boldest and most sanguine financier in Turkey or South America will admit with sorrow that no concession, however tempting, will at present float on the English market. The question thus arises, what will be done with our money? If trade were brisk, and a consequently-increased number of good first and second class bills were on offer, the vent would be found in the discount market; but, in the absence of this demand, there really seems to be no opening whatever. It has been suggested that attention will thus be turned to investments in the public funds and other safe stocks; but that affords no answer to the question. For every buyer there must be a seller, and a purchase of Consols merely means that, instead of A. having so much unemployed capital, it is, on the other hand, merely B. There seems little doubt that we are only repeating the old precedent of 1848 and 1858. People have been so thoroughly frightened by the late crisis that they will keep their money rigidly in hand, and maintain large balances at their bankers, and so forth, instead of using their means for the purpose of making legitimate profit. The effect will, of course, be to keep the rate of interest exceedingly low—a contingency which is by no means to be wished. Extremes, whether in one or the other direction, are always fatal to trade, and the fact that our Bank Charter Act is especially suited to bring them about; constitutes one of the strongest arguments against its maintenance.

No small commotion has been created on the Stock Exchange this week by the announcement of the North British Railway Company that they are unable for the present to pay the miserable dividend of 1 per cent. which they had proposed. In one day the stock fell as much as 8 per cent., and the decline has extended to several other classes of kindred stock. The reason given for the delay is the want of success in placing the last issue of preference stock. It is perfectly evident that railway finance is not flourishing. The incessant battles and

wars that have been carried on by the various companies, and the consequent prodigal expenditure, are beginning to bear fruit. The North British has not been exempt from the weakness of its fellows, having for years maintained a desperate fight with the Caledonian for a branch which has probably been of comparatively infinitesimal value to the conqueror. The sinews of war being deficient, railway companies will, it is to be hoped, now pay more attention to mere vulgar but material prosperity.

The dividend of the Turkish General Debt, postponed to the 13th of October, is advertised, but the payment is fenced round with a heap of complicated regulations, which the greater number of English bondholders will find it a hard matter to understand.

THE discount establishments have lowered their terms for money at call from 4 to 3½ per cent., and at seven and fourteen days' notice from 4½ to 3½. The joint-stock banks now allow 3½ per cent. for money on deposit, instead of 4, with the exception that the London and Westminster give only 2½ for sums below £500.

Consols are now quoted 89½ to 90 for money, and 89½ to 90 for the 9th October.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25f. 22½c. per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2-10ths per cent. dearer in London than in Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was 145½ per cent., and the premium on gold 55 per cent. At these rates there is no profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

A prospectus has been issued of the London Stock and Share Company, with a capital of £100,000 in shares of £5 each, fully paid up. The operations are to consist chiefly in negotiating as agents the sale of stocks, shares, bonds, and securities of all descriptions, through the medium of public auction or otherwise. It is understood the company will take over the business of Messrs. Knight, Dale, & Co., a Stock-Exchange firm who have dissolved partnership.

A special general meeting of the Great Eastern Railway Company is called for the 9th of October, "for the purpose of authorizing the creation and issue of shares or stock, under the several acts of Parliament passed in the years 1864 and 1865, by which the company was authorized to raise additional capital, and to attach to such new shares or stock such preference or priority of interest or dividend out of the profits of the company in priority to the ordinary shares or stock in the company as by the Great Eastern Railway (Additional Powers) Act, 1866, is authorized, and may be determined on by the meeting."

It has been announced that the board of the Great Western Railway of Canada have decided upon recommending a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, free of Income-tax, leaving a balance of £2,648. 12s. to be carried over, including the surplus of the previous half-year.

The London and North-Western Railway traffic return shows this week an increase of £2,211 over the corresponding period of last year, and the Midland, an increase of £2,620.

The balance-sheet of the Anglo-Italian Bank shows liabilities (including £361,707 paid-up capital and £3,000 reserve), amounting to £488,668, and assets amounting to £439,900, thus leaving a deficiency of £48,768, or about 13½ per cent. of the paid-up capital and reserve. The shares, with £20 paid, are now quoted 7 discount, which is equal to a deficiency of 35 per cent.

Creditors of the General Exchange Bank (Limited) are required to send the particulars of their claims to the solicitors to the liquidator by the 1st Nov., the 30th of that month having been appointed by the Master of the Rolls for adjudicating upon them.

Creditors of the International Contract Company (Limited) are required to send the particulars of their claims to Mr. William Tabor and Mr. A. A. James, the official liquidators, by the 1st of December, the 1st of February having been appointed by Vice-Chancellor Stuart for adjudicating upon them.

Private letters from Paris describe business on the Bourse as in a very gloomy and disorganized state. The office, or privilege, of several brokers (*agents de change*) is in the market for sale, and the goodwill is stated to be worth little more than 50 per cent. of what it fetched in June last. In consequence of the course of events, many of the brokers' speculative clients have found themselves in a heavy deficiency, and have been unable to meet their obligations, whereas the brokers have made good all the demands upon them.

The Bank of Holland has reduced its rate of discount from 6 to 5½ per cent.

Letters from Munich state that the recent loan contracted for Bavaria by Messrs. von Erlanger & Sons is in conjunction with the Berlin Discount Company, the Prussian Seehandlung, the Royal Bank of Nürnberg, a Paris firm, and the Bavarian Crédit Foncier and Discount Bank. The local Munich bankers are stated to be dissatisfied at not having been asked to participate in this operation, giving it to understand that they subscribed in times of need largely to the railway loans. On the other hand, it is averred that had they signified their intention earlier, a portion of the loan would have been allotted them.

THE *New York Home Journal* of September 12th says that Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," has just become the special London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. In accepting the engagement, Mr. Hughes writes:—"I have always wished to have the chance of constant speech in your country, to which I am much attached, and where there is as much misunderstanding about England as we have here about you."



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE LIFE OF GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON.\*

THIS work, of which the second volume is now before us, is in some respects one of considerable merit. It is true that it is written in a tone of vehement hero-worship, and that it scarcely attempts anything which we can accept as a critical estimate of the deceased soldier's position as a commander or a strategist. But this is not to be expected from one who enjoyed his friendship, and served as chief of his staff during the memorable campaigns of the Shenandoah Valley, and of the Chickahominy, in 1862. Any defect on this score is more than compensated for by the clear and animated manner in which Professor Dabney describes the various movements and engagements of which he must have been an eye-witness; and we feel that, if we have not history itself, we have at any rate a valuable contribution to its materials. The feature of the book which we confess repels us most is the frequent intrusion of a strain of religious reflection of a somewhat mawkish, and to our minds rather irreverent, character. It was natural enough that an intensely devout man, holding the peculiar theological views of Jackson, should feel and speak of himself as in a peculiar sense in the Divine hands and under the Divine protection. Nor would we have had his biographer neglect this side of his character, or suppress those references to his religious "experience" or connections which he was constantly making, and with which his correspondence abounds. But these are topics which require the most delicate and reticent handling; and it would have been far better if our author had allowed Jackson simply to speak for himself on these points, instead of too often making the general's utterances the text of some weak sermonizing of his own. Indeed, considering the result of the war, we wonder he does not see that he gives a great opening to scoffers by constantly talking as if Providence was clearly on the Confederate side. But then we observe that he writes "D.D." after his name; and, on the supposition that he is what those letters appear to indicate, we shall not dwell upon this aspect of the book, as we otherwise might have done. Great allowances must be made for a doctor of divinity who finds himself professionally bound to "improve the occasion."

The present volume takes up the story of the war at the opening of the campaign of 1862. That year commenced most disastrously for the Confederates. By their successes on several points of the vast circumference which the South had to defend, the Federals pushed far into the territory which was held by their antagonists at the opening of the war. But the most important advantage which they gained was the capture of New Orleans, which not only gave them the command of the Mississippi, but foreshadowed the commanding and constantly increasing ascendancy which they were soon destined to establish where rivers or arms of the sea would bear their gunboats. Taught by the failures of 1861, the North had reorganized and immensely increased their army, and were preparing to commence the policy, which they ultimately pursued so successfully, of overwhelming the South by dint of numbers and superior resources. On the other hand, the Confederate army was in a state of utter disorganization. The natural fruits of allowing soldiers to elect their officers were everywhere visible in a general relaxation of discipline, in the constant absence of large numbers of men from their regiments, and in the profuse waste of stores and ammunition. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, the Confederate Government should have prepared to evacuate Richmond as soon as it became manifest that the Federals intended to move upon that city, both under Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and McClellan from Fortress Monroe. They were, however, dissuaded from executing this plan by the remonstrances of the Virginians; and their resolution to defend the capital of the "Old Dominion" decided the future course of the war. In a purely strategic point of view, it was probably a mistake; but the political reasons for this course were decisive. It is scarcely too much to say that the Confederacy would probably have collapsed under the disheartening effect of such a confession of weakness as the surrender of Richmond. The resolution to defend that place having been taken, Jackson proceeded vigorously to work in the Shenandoah Valley. By a succession of the most brilliant movements, he completely routed the army of Banks, and drove it out of the Valley. There was hard fighting, but there was also excellent generalship, in this well-known campaign, and, although the inefficiency of his opponent detracts from the merit of Jackson's achievement, it was undoubtedly a very considerable one when we take into account the numerical inferiority of his forces. Transferring his army to the banks of the Chickahominy, he then joined Lee, and took a main share in the seven days' fighting, which was so fatal to the army of McClellan, and which for a time secured the safety of Richmond. Great, however, as were the advantages gained in these battles, they were by no means so decisive as they should have been, and Lee was the first to acknowledge this. The truth is, as Mr. Dabney points out, that the Confederate army was too ill-organized, and the officers were for the most part too ignorant and unskilful to execute with precision a complicated combination embracing many miles of difficult country. There was a want both of accuracy and of rapidity in their movements, which enabled McClellan to slip through the net which was being drawn

round him. From these faults it is almost unnecessary to say that Jackson was exempt. Wherever he commanded, all went right.

The next movement of the Federals in the direction of Richmond was made by General Pope, who advanced even more up the Shenandoah Valley. He fell, as every one will recollect, an easy prey to the clever tactics of Lee, and to the daring and skilful manner in which Jackson conducted the forces under his command completely round the Northern army, and got into its rear. Still, although the Confederates gained a decisive victory at the second battle of Manassas, this ought to have been and would have been far more complete, if some of Lee's troops had not failed to take up their allotted positions in the proper time. However, the battle opened the way to the first advance of Lee into Maryland. By the capture of Harper's Ferry, and by the tenacity with which he held his own against great odds in the bloody but indecisive battle of Sharpsburgh, Jackson still further added to his reputation; but nothing that either he or Lee could do could compensate for the preponderance of numbers and the superiority of resources possessed by the Federals. The attempt to transfer the seat of war to the north proved a failure; and the Confederates were compelled to retreat south, and again assume a defensive position. They had not long to wait for a renewal of the Federal invasion, this time under Burnside. Of the terrible battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Northerners were again defeated with immense slaughter, Mr. Dabney gives us an admirable account; nor does he conceal his opinion that Lee was guilty both of carelessness and of undue caution in not following up his victory, but, on the contrary, allowing the defeated and broken Federal army to withdraw across the Rappahannock during the night but one after the battle. It has always seemed to us that this was one of the greatest mistakes made by Lee; and, according to our author, Jackson was on this occasion in favour of a bolder policy than that which was adopted by his chief:—

"In one particular General Jackson differed from his associates in his estimate of the situation. He did not consider the battle of the 13th of December as a mere prelude to a greater struggle. He appreciated the full influence of the events of that day upon the army of Burnside, and was convinced that it was at the end of that day a beaten army, and would attempt nothing more on that ground. He did not expect a renewal of their assaults the next morning, although his vigilance prompted him to take every precaution against it. He saw clearly that it was for the Confederates to take the initiative next, or else the affair would continue incomplete. In this he showed his customary sagacity, and that almost infallible insight into his adversary's condition and temper, which had guided him in previous campaigns. But his habitual modesty prevented his obtruding his opinions; and there is no certain evidence what plan of action he would have recommended."

The battle of Fredericksburg closed the campaign of 1862; and during the winter we find Jackson mainly occupying himself with religious works and duties. With spring came the advance of Hooker, and the battle of Chancellorsville, in which Jackson received, from his own men, the wound which so unfortunately terminated his career. By marching round the flank of the Federal army, he had placed his division completely in their rear, and was pushing his advance against them from this direction while Lee attacked in front, when the fatal event occurred, which we will allow Mr. Dabney to describe in his own words:—

"He had now advanced a hundred yards beyond his line of battle, evidently supposing that, in accordance with his constant orders, a line of skirmishers had been sent to the front immediately upon the recent cessation of the advance. He probably intended to proceed to the place where he supposed his line crossed the turnpike, to ascertain from them what they could learn concerning the enemy. He was attended only by a half-dozen mounted orderlies, his signal officer, Captain Wilbourne, with one of his men, and his aide, Lieutenant Morrison, who had just returned to him. General A. P. Hill, with his staff, also proceeded immediately after him to the front of the line, accompanied by Captain Boswell of the Engineers, whom General Jackson had just detached to assist him. After the General and his escort had proceeded down the road a hundred yards, they were surprised by a volley of musketry from the right, which spread towards their front, until the bullets began to whistle among them, and struck several horses. This was, in fact, the advance of the Federal line assailing the barricade, which they were attempting to regain. General Jackson was now aware of their proximity, and perceived that there was no picket or skirmisher between him and his enemies. He therefore turned to ride hurriedly back to his own troops; and, to avoid the fire, which was thus far limited to the south side of the road, he turned into the woods upon the north side. It so happened that General Hill, with his escort, had been directed by the same motive almost to the same spot. As the party approached within twenty paces of the Confederate troops, these, evidently mistaking them for cavalry, stooped, and delivered a deadly fire. So sudden and stunning was this volley, and so near at hand, that every horse which was not shot down recoiled from it in panic, and turned to rush back, bearing their riders towards the approaching enemy. Several fell dead upon the spot, among them the amiable and courageous Boswell; and more were wounded. Among the latter was General Jackson. His right hand was penetrated by a ball, his left forearm lacerated by another, and the same limb broken a little below the shoulder by a third, which not only crushed the bone but severed the main artery. His horse also dashed, panic-stricken, towards the enemy, carrying him beneath the boughs of a tree which inflicted severe blows, lacerating his face, and almost dragged him from the saddle. His bridle-hand was now powerless, but seizing the reins with the right hand, notwithstanding its wounds, he arrested his career, and brought the animal back toward his own lines. He was

\* The Life of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall Jackson). By Professor E. L. Dabney, D.D., of Richmond, Virginia. Two vols. Vol. II. London: Nisbet & Co.



followed by his faithful attendant, Captain Wilbourne, and his assistant, Wynn, who overtook him as he paused again in the turn-pike, near the spot where he had received the fatal shots. The firing of the Confederates had now been arrested by the officers; but the wounded and frantic horses were rushing, without riders, through the woods, and the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Here General Jackson drew up his horse, and sat for an instant gazing towards his own men, as if in astonishment at their cruel mistake, and in doubt whether he should again venture to approach them. To the anxious inquiries of Captain Wilbourne, he replied that he believed his arm was broken, and requested him to assist him from his horse, and examine whether the wounds were bleeding dangerously. But before he could dismount he sunk fainting into their arms, so completely prostrate, that they were compelled to disengage his feet from the stirrups."

None of the wounds which Jackson received were mortal; had surgical assistance been at hand when he fell, his life would, in all probability, have been spared. Unfortunately, he lost an enormous quantity of blood; and, although for a few days he seemed going on well, his system was unable to rally permanently from the shock it had received. He bore his sufferings with the greatest firmness and composure, and expired on the 10th of May, 1863. It only remains for us to add a few words as to the impression which we have been led to form with respect to his character and abilities. There can, we think, be no doubt that he was a man cast in an eminently heroic mould. His religious enthusiasm was only one form of the general intenseness of his nature. To great rapidity of decision, to a clear grasp of anything he took in hand, and to unfailing vigilance, he united iron strength of will. That he was animated by the strongest and highest sense of duty is evident from everything we know of him; and even those who think that he was utterly in the wrong must respect convictions so deep and sincere as those which he entertained. Although he was stern and unbending when the occasion required it, his habitual temper seems to have been calm and serene, his disposition sweet, and his affections deep. He owed the marvellous ascendancy which he gained over his troops not less to his finer personal qualities than to his strong will and his military abilities. That he was a great leader, no one can dispute; and it is equally clear that he was a great master of that part of the art of war which consists in handling troops on the field of battle. But we doubt whether he would have been equally successful in planning an elaborate campaign, in providing for distant and complicated combinations, and in working out his intentions in the face of a really able antagonist. He hardly seems to have had the breadth of mind which is necessary to a general of the highest class.

#### EXTREMES IN RELIGION.\*

WE embrace here in one review two works which strikingly illustrate, the one in doctrine, the other in ritual, the extremes to which human speculation is prepared to drive religion. The first is a heavy book, of the author of which one might well conclude, judging from the title, that he had been lately appointed the channel of a new revelation. We do not think that a book often appears with so pretentious a title as that which Mr. Webb has attached to his voluminous work on the Gospel; but unfoldings of the kind are as old as Christianity itself, and, it may be added, as various as are the diversities of church, sect, and party. Mr. Webb's unfolding may be right; but in that case a score of other unfoldings must be wrong; and who shall decide between them? This is the difficulty; and, in the impossibility of finding a judge on whose authority all men shall be agreed, it is no wonder that the ignorant should be perplexed while contempt for religion is bred in cultivated minds, or that indifference or hypocrisy should be the more common result. Nor does all this imply that a plain and practical setting forth of the Gospel would not be generally acceptable. On the contrary, in no previous age has the feeling in favour of true religion been stronger or more general than it is now, or has a more earnest desire prevailed to be instructed as to its essential principles and requirements. But people are weary of the endless dissensions of religious teachers on matters manifestly of secondary importance, and of the narrow points of view from which they treat what ought to be the noblest as well as the most engaging of human studies. The rebuke administered by St. Paul to the Corinthians is as applicable to the Churches of the present day as it was to the infant Christian communities of Apostolic times. As then, so now is it true that, "Every one hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation." And the result is, that the Gospel of peace has become strife, and that of truth, which should shine with the light of an unclouded sun, is obscured by mists with which human fancy and prejudice has surrounded it.

As a reaction against this chaotic state of religion is evidently the order of the day, it is not likely that Mr. Webb's "Glorious Gospel Unfolded" from the narrow standpoint of Calvinism, will attract many readers outside the circle of believers of that way of thinking. There is nothing new or fresh in it; the old ground is travelled over exactly as it has often been travelled before; and it is hard to conceive what good end even for Calvinists the reproduction of the old arguments in so heavy and prosaic a form can

serve. If any Gospel has been freely and fully unfolded before now, it is the Calvinistic Gospel, whether it be in the writings of the great divine whose name it bears, in those of his numerous followers, or in the last extreme sermon preached in the pulpit on particular redemption, and the Supralapsarian hypothesis. Perhaps the most successful of all these unfoldings, is the Westminster Confession of Faith, which, with all the advantages of clearness, possesses the additional charm of brevity, in striking contrast to the wordiness of Mr. Webb's thick and closely-printed volume. It is clear, then, that even for the edification of Calvinists, this latter work was not needed. It is not likely to be useful as a hand-book of the views of that religious school, and certainly it is not a work that can lay any claim to the merit of announcing a new discovery. To enter into the question of Divine Election and reprobation, is not within our province; but it is nevertheless open to any ordinary thinker to see that a gospel unfolded according to that scheme cannot but be a one-sided gospel—can never be made the basis of a comprehensive religion, embracing all who have the consciousness, strong as the strongest of their convictions, of their own liberty and moral responsibility. Against all such exclusiveness the spirit of the age rebels, as much as it does against the denial of salvation by the Roman Catholic Church to those outside its pale, or as Christianity itself in the hands of its Founder protested against a similar exclusiveness of the Jews as to the hope of the Gentiles. The glorious Gospel unfolded by the Saviour Himself, and delivered to His Apostles to be promulgated to the world, was certainly not narrow.

As an illustration of the narrow spirit in which Mr. Webb's work is conceived, it will be sufficient to take his chapter on the "Condemnation of Unbelief." All such condemnation he pronounces to be "just," and that without making any allowance for unbelief arrived at as an honest conviction after the greatest pains taken in inquiry, or for ignorance the unavoidable result of circumstances of birth, education, and fortune. The upshot of Mr. Webb's teaching practically is that the Divine condemnation of unbelief of Mr. Webb's views of the Gospel unfolded is just; and thus he brings us back to the famous old way of settling all religious controversy, that "orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy." In the whole of this chapter there is nothing to cheer one with a single tolerant permission to think—without risk of eternal ruin—as one's conscience and understanding directs him. "Unbelief," Mr. Webb tells us, "is a settled state of condemnation"; it is "an aggravation of the birth-sin," and a voluntary neglect or rejection of truth. More extraordinary, it "may be stupidity"; but still "God threatens to destroy" such stupid sinners, because "stupidity is no valid excuse for unbelief." After such an exhibition of Christian logic we think words would be wasted in making more evident the Christian charity of the Glorious Gospel Unfolded by Mr. Webb.

As Puritanism is noted for exaggeration in doctrine, so when we look to the opposite point of the theological horizon a similar weakness is found in connection with Ritual. Among the many phases of religious development of the day, not the least remarkable is the sudden desire that has seized Ritualists for a reconstruction of the Liturgy. It is not yet three years since the ecclesiastics of that school resisted, with the strongest protests, every suggestion of change, even to the alteration of a single word, in our present Prayer-book. But the proposals came then from Lord Ebury and Churchmen of his school; and the movement aimed at effecting such changes as would open the Church only in the direction of Dissent. Tractarian opposition, under the circumstances, was natural; and, a majority of the more moderate clergy being also against change, all such efforts towards Liturgical revision were frustrated, or at least by mutual consent for a season abandoned. But since that time, Ritualism has expanded with a sudden growth, and assumed such enormous proportions, that our churches are not sufficient to contain it, or our Church services to satisfy its cravings. Hymns, vestments, and church adornments, have been tortured for its gratification, and yet it grows, and yet it craves; and now the stage has arrived when the Prayer-book itself, if possible, must be altered to please it. In the desire for a closer approximation to Rome in ceremony, as well as in doctrine, there is a regular mania of study of the ancient Liturgies, the object aimed at being to make manifest the faults of our present Liturgy, and to bring about a return as closely as possible to the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., if not to conformity with the more ancient service known as the "Sarum Use."

The little volume before us is one of the many fruits which have followed the labour so expended. It is strictly a contraction, or as Mr. Shipley himself describes it, "the text-book" of a larger essay on the subject from his pen, which has appeared in a work some time published, and entitled "The Church and the World;" and his object is to present the two liturgies in such a form that they may speak for themselves. Here, it may be well to remind our readers that the term "Liturgy" is used by the Ritualist in a very different sense from that which the Evangelical Churchman generally attaches to it. With the former it always denotes the Communion Service, or Mass; while the latter applies it generally to the whole Prayer-book. Hence, Mr. Shipley's little volume comprises only the Communion Services of Edward VI. and of Charles II. The latter is professed to be given as it appears in the "Sealed Copy of the Liturgy of Charles II."—a matter of some importance in ritualist controversy. The Services are printed on opposite pages, the corresponding parts, as far as possible, facing each other; and both are divided into portions, arranged with the

\* The Glorious Gospel Unfolded. By Henry Webb. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

The Liturgies of 1549 and 1662. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Joseph Masters.



headings of the recognised liturgical terminology, into their two greater sections of Ordinary and Canon, and the five sub-divisions of the Introduction, the Oblation, the Canon proper or Consecration, the Communion, and the Post-Communion or Thanksgiving. Other details of arrangement there are which contribute much to clearness and facility for comparison, and on the whole a neat *brochure* is got up, well adapted for the use for which it is intended. Some portions of both services are omitted, such as, for instance, the Warning for Celebration, the Appeal to the Negligent, and the Exhortation to the Faithful; but this Mr. Shipley justifies by the economy of space effected, where in other respects the differences in these parts of the two services are "unimportant in a liturgical aspect."

It will be here interesting to give the views of the Ritualist party, as they are stated by Mr. Shipley, on the question of Liturgical Revision. He, first of all, states his conviction that nothing essential to the offering of the Eucharistic sacrifice is lacking in the Liturgy of 1662—our present Communion Service. But at the same time his conviction is that "it falls short" of that of 1549 in some questions of "secondary importance." A return, therefore, to the first Liturgy of Edward is desirable, though not absolutely necessary. Then as to the Revision of the Prayer-book generally, Mr. Shipley informs us, that the policy of his party is not that of initiating any movement in that direction. He clearly gives us to understand that if the Evangelicals remain quiet the Ritualists will do the same. But, if revision of the Prayer-book be advocated by Lord Ebury, or any other of the recognised leaders of his party, then the Ritualists will attempt to outflank their enemy by a counter-agitation for a return to conformity to the Liturgy of 1549. In his own words, in that case "a large and powerful body, composed both of laymen and clergymen, will exert its influence to secure a restoration of our Book of Common Prayer, in conformity with the first book of King Edward VI." A petition, he states, to this effect "has been widely signed, headed by leaders of the Catholic school," which, however, for the present, has been held back in reserve, and only awaits fresh agitation on the part of the revisionists to be again set in motion for the addition of fresh signatures. Here, then, is a nice rod in pickle for Lord Ebury, and a pretty little ecclesiastical battle looming in the distance. The armed hosts stand looking grimly at each other, and ready each to pounce on the other. No wonder the bishops are alarmed. Most probably it is here we have the true explanation of the vigorous stand made by the Archbishop of Canterbury against the revisionists. What a singular picture it presents of the two extreme parties, dragging the foundations of the National Church to rest on a wider basis, the one towards the Pope and the other towards Mr. Spurgeon! How the strife will end it is hard to predict, but most probably it will be in a compromise, and a widening of the Church to admit both extremes into communion.

#### INDIAN REMINISCENCES.\*

THE author of these Reminiscences is a considerate man: he has presented us with a little book when he might have written a big one. It would, indeed, have been bigger but for the rebels, who in 1857 destroyed all the notes and documents which he had preserved for the "narrative of his own time" he intended writing when, by long and faithful service, he had attained that ease which we all long for and so few attain. "À quelque chose malheur est bon:" we have now a little and readable volume, instead of a work that would certainly not have been the first (for Mr. Edwards is rather inclined to be prolix), and probably not the second, except to persons more interested in Indian political affairs than nine-tenths of the subscribers to circulating libraries and book clubs.

Mr. Edwards's career began in 1837, and it was his good fortune to be one of the pioneers of the Overland Route. He left Falmouth, then a great packet-station, on the 5th May, and reached Bombay Harbour on the 8th July—an exploit to be boasted of even now that the route is as well known and as well beaten as Piccadilly. The mails, consisting of two small boxes, had been forwarded to Alexandria, in the hope that somehow or other they would reach Bombay, and Mr. Edwards offered to take charge of them. Alexandria was a very miserable place in those days; there was but one hotel, and that kept by a Scotchwoman. How is it that, in the early stages of locomotiveness, the Scotch are the first to open taverns and victimize travellers? The first English inn at St. Petersburg was opened by a North Briton. Andrew MacSneeshin was the first hotel-keeper at Panama, and John MacToddie at Aden. If a balloon-line were opened to the moon, we should no doubt find some fortieth cousin of Meg Dodds ready to welcome the first "through" passengers.

It took Mr. Edwards three days to reach Cairo, and then two days more to cross the desert to Suez. We do things a little quicker now; and though it may be more picturesque to ride on the back of a dromedary, a seat in the Cairo to Suez railway carriage is more comfortable. In a few months, nay, in a few weeks, if M. Lesseps' anticipations be fulfilled, we shall be able to travel still more comfortably along the Suez canal. Suez never was a very lively place—at least, not since Moses was there. It reminds one of a roadside railway station: there is a bustle five

minutes before the train comes; a spasmodic vitality while the train stops, and a lethargic collapse as soon as the train is gone. Just such is life in Suez. When Mr. Edwards was there, its vitality was at the lowest ebb, and the East India Company's agent held out no hope that he would be able to get away for nearly two months. Fortunately, however, his purgatory was limited to two days, a berth being found for him on board a country boat, that crept cautiously along the shore by day, and anchored in some snug bay every night, as their forefathers have done since the Flood. The crew had an original mode of mooring their vessel. At sunset, three or four of them would jump into the sea with a cable, and swim off to the reef that had been selected for the purpose of an anchorage. Then, the rope being fastened to a projecting piece of coral, the ship was warped close to the reef, and made snug for the night. One day, while thus waiting at anchor for provisions, Mr. Edwards observed a curious method of fishing, and it may probably be as new to our readers as it was to him. The water was still, deep, and clear, so that he could watch the Arabs of the coast dive down and catch the fish in their hands, or (as it is well to be particular in such cases) "between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand."

In due course Mr. Edwards reached India, got appointed, and began work in earnest. In this part of his narrative he furnishes us with some curious peeps into Indo-European life. For instance, in a *darbar* held at Agra, an old cavalry officer, who had served under Lake, was asked if he could explain why the 2nd Bengal Native Cavalry had run away during the affair of Purwan Durrah in Afghanistan. "It was all the fault of the Government, who took away our guns," he said; "formerly these guns preceded us, and fired a few rounds, and we charged at the back of the noise. At such times there is nothing like noise for getting up the heart and keeping up the spirit." A second instance of the fondness of the natives for noise occurs in another part of the volume. When Mr. Edwards installed the young Maharajah of Puttialah on his father's throne—it was in the very crisis of the Sikh war—he endeavoured to induce the prince to remain faithful to British interests by promising an addition to his territory as soon as the war was over, and increase in the number of guns to be fired whenever he was saluted. The Maharajah did not appear to care much for an extension of his frontiers, but he could not resist the increased salute. Personal influence has always gone a great way with the people of India, and many an Englishman, far remote from camps and garrisons, has overcome a rebellious tribe by the moral force of his character. Sir George (then Mr.) Clerk, political agent on the north-west frontier, was one of those men. The Sikhs used to assert that he kept a hundred horses in his stables, some of which were always ready posted towards every quarter, so that it was of no use to attempt any tricks with him, for he was sure to be among the plotters before they could even get tidings of his leaving head-quarters. It was sometimes quite enough to send out "Robin," or the "White Mare," a stage or two, as if to wait for Sir George, to stop a fight between two neighbouring villages.

During the Sikh war of 1845, Mr. Edwards was assistant-secretary to the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge, and with him at head-quarters when a letter was received from the Duke of Wellington, showing that the military foresight of the old soldier was as clear as ever it had been. He urged Lord Hardinge very strongly to look after Delhi, reinforce its garrison, and watch all the roads leading to it, for (he said) the Sikhs would certainly make for it, and, if it fell into their hands, the place would become a rallying-point for the disaffected all over India. The Duke's prognostications were unhappily fulfilled in the rebellion of 1857.

When the conquering army was at Lahore, Sir Charles Napier came up from Scinde, and a grand review was held in his honour. As the Governor-General and his visitor were riding down the line, the former stopped before the 50th Regiment, which had been much cut up in the recent fights. "Fiftieth, here is your old colonel," he said, pointing to Sir Charles, "who led you at Corunna, and was desperately wounded at your head." The regiment cheered, and there was a pause, for it was expected that the brave old fighter would address them in his usual impetuous eloquence. But no; he sat bareheaded and silent. He explained afterwards that "his heart was so full, and he was so overcome by the sight of his beloved old regiment, which he had never met since the fight at Corunna, that he could not utter a word." And this was the man who was supposed to have no feeling—to have a heart as hard as the sole of his boot.

In 1847 Mr. Edwards was appointed superintendent of "Hill States," with head-quarters at Simla, where he had an opportunity of trying two or three "social" experiments. He found the natives totally ignorant and barbarous: there were no schools among them and never had been, so he had a fine *tabula rasa* to work upon. He trained masters, prepared books (taking those of the Irish Education Society for models), and threw open the doors of his school-rooms. The education was gratuitous, and purely secular. The system worked so well that it was extended over all the south-west provinces. Mr. Edwards contends that it is the duty of our Government to supply its subjects in India with the means of acquiring a sound vernacular elementary education. Anything of a higher description should be of a Christian character, and be left to missionary establishments and private enterprise. While still at Simla, he made a successful attempt to turn the convicts to good account by setting them to construct a road from the plains to Simla. Of the ninety employed in that work, none were ill and none escaped. Mr. Edwards argues from this experiment that

\* Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian. By William Edwards. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



all our convicts, at home and abroad, should be employed in the construction of public works of utility. They should certainly be made to keep themselves, so that honesty should not be taxed for keeping dishonesty in order; but the system of gang-working outside prison walls is open to many objections. We cannot, however, discuss the subject here. Still, what may be dangerous in England may be very useful in India.

The latter half of the volume contains a narrative of Mr. Edwards's adventures during the mutiny, but, as it is merely a reprint, it need not detain us. The closing chapter contains some reflections on the causes of the mutiny, and what should be done to prevent a repetition. The author is not very clear on the latter point. At p. 338 he says,—"If we are to be safe, we must be prepared to keep all stationary—the physical improvement as well as the evangelization of the country." The italics are the author's. A few lines lower down we read that "our course is not backward, but onward; and our safety is in light, more light." No doubt; but that is not keeping all stationary in order that we may be safe.

#### THE DANTE FESTIVAL.\*

A TREATISE on an Italian poet, written in English, printed in Leipzig, and published in London, is rather an anomalous production. Of what the present writer is a "Representative," we do not know; but we incline to suspect that he represented some English newspaper at the Dante Festival of last May twelvemonth, and that the brief work before us is a reprint, with additions, of his account of the proceedings at Florence and Ravenna. The style is very much that of the foreign correspondence of the cheap press—conspicuously the worst part of the penny dailies, being disagreeably characterized by a sort of flatulent distension and empty fulness. We are also disposed to think that the author is an Italian, though he writes in the character of an Englishman. Something of the Italian grandiloquence and diffuseness is apparent throughout, and a flavour of foreign origin makes itself felt in the idiom. As a literary production, it is of no worth; but as a record of facts connected with a most interesting celebration, it will pass muster, notwithstanding its poor and washy style. At the same time, it is suggestive of certain reflections which it may not be amiss to consider.

In April, 1864, after a world of fussy preparation, certain English authors, journalists, artists, and actors, held a Tercentenary festival in honour of the birth of Shakespeare. It was a shabby failure—at any rate, in London, where the greatest effect ought to have been produced. In May, 1865, the Italian Government and people celebrated the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante; and the ceremony was a magnificent success. How is this difference to be accounted for? Great as Dante was, it cannot be denied—at least, no Englishman will doubt—that Shakespeare stands on as exalted a pedestal, while the range of his sympathies and the scope of his knowledge were broader and more human. It is unquestionable, moreover, that Englishmen of all classes are proud of Shakespeare. Even those who seldom or never read him are nevertheless conscious that he casts a great light and glory about the nation, and that not even the vastness of our commerce and the extent of our material power advance us more in the eyes of foreigners than the writings of that marvellous genius who rose like a sun over the lesser lights of the Elizabethan era. We might even say that Shakespeare is a species of superstition in England. He is worshipped and believed in, rather than rightly known and understood; indeed, so much is this the case, that we have hardly any Shakespearian criticism, in the sense of a sober and intelligent estimate of the man and his writings, but chiefly a wild rhapsody of adoration, in which all alike join. The fact may on some grounds be regrettable; but it shows, at any rate, that we are not wanting in enthusiasm for the greatest intellect of our land. The celebration of 1864, however, was, as we have said, a failure; and if our descendants of 1964 can do no better, we trust they will not stultify themselves by making the attempt. To what was the failure owing? It resulted partly, as we showed at the time, from the indisposition which all Englishmen feel to making anything like a public display of emotion, except on some very tangible and prescribed occasion, such as a coronation or a Royal marriage; and partly from the fact that this particular occasion was not one on which the State could very well enter into partnership with the people. The people alone cannot make a festival grand and imposing. Without the help of the State, the thing is sure to degenerate into something petty, private, and inefficient. We are certain to find a want of cohesion and central force in the arrangements—an absence of Imperial dignity—an intrusion of personal vanities, catchpenny tricks, and irritable rivalry. Now, in 1864 the State did not assist because it had no ground for connecting itself with the movement. Titanic as Shakespeare's reputation is, it is not specially associated with the State as a State, or with the nation as a nation. It is purely literary—not at all political or historic; while, even as a literary force, the genius of our great dramatist was not concerned in any elemental stage of the English mind—in anything primary or formative. Chaucer and Dante contributed largely to the creation of their respective languages; each was a day-star to the literature which followed. But Shakespeare found a language ready-made to his hand, and to some

extent a literature as well—a literature to which he has, indeed, contributed its noblest territory, but which would have existed, and have been illustrious, even without him. The State, therefore, had no obvious reason for abstracting a day from public business to devote to the honouring of Shakespeare—for calling out the troops, giving receptions, putting up illuminations and tapestry, organizing processions, and firing cannon in the parks; and, lacking such assistance, the day dwindled down into a species of Foresters' Fête, seasoned with vulgar fooleries and hiccupy after-dinner eloquence.

The case was totally different in Italy in May, 1865. To begin with, the Italians, being a more impulsive and naturally artistic people than the English, know better than we (as the French also do) how to manage a festival. The beauty of the Tuscan climate, the architectural grandeur of such a city as Florence, the aptitude for colour and adornment of the national taste, and the gay and graceful manners of the people, contributed largely to the success of the Dante celebration. But these were not the only, nor indeed the chief, elements of success. The occasion was in the loftiest sense historical. It was associated with the making of Italy as a nation. It was a manifesto to the world that the land of Dante had at length fulfilled, or nearly fulfilled, the aspirations of Dante's soul. It was at once a memory, a prognostic, a triumph, a defiance, a declaration of policy, the burial of an old sorrow, the inauguration of a new joy. Not merely was Dante the poet honoured in that memorable week, but, in a yet more emphatic sense, Dante the politician, Dante the patriot, Dante the Italian. The grand old Florentine dreamer, the seer of visions, the traveller through heaven and hell and purgatorial shades, has become in these six hundred years the very representative and type of the principle of Italian unity, now painfully accomplished. It was he who first proclaimed that idea; it is his genius that, with the sacred manna of poetry, and the divine music of sorrowful sweet verse, has sustained and animated the one hope of Italy through more than half a thousand years of Italy's agony and shame. Of such service there could be no other recognition than an act of national joy and thanksgiving when, Italy being at last made, the first of Italian Kings set up his court in historic Florence, the city of Dante's nativity. The removal of the national capital to that old seat of power and glory was most happily associated with the six hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth; and the extraordinary discovery at Ravenna, a few days after the festival, of the long-missed bones of Dante, gave additional interest to the time. One cannot help wishing that the lucky accident had occurred rather before than after the ceremonies; but the fête as it stood was one of the most touching and interesting which modern times have known. It is not difficult to understand that when that magnificent procession of Royal troops, Garibaldians, National Guards, municipal authorities, principals and professors of Universities, priests, senators, deputies, authors, artists, and men of science, passed through the glittering streets, beneath a bright May sun and sky, on their way to the grand old Piazza Santa Croce, where the King was waiting them—it is not, we say, surprising that, at such a time, many of those sensitive, emotional Italians, remembering what has been, and hoping for what may be, could find no vent for their feelings but in tears. At supreme moments such as these, nations, as it were, gather up their past and their future into one intense throb of vitality. Let us hope, in the case of Italy, that the 14th of May, 1865, was the commencement of a larger and a grander national life than she has yet enjoyed.

#### DOCTOR AUSTIN'S GUESTS.\*

MR. GILBERT conferred a great benefit on all readers worthy of the name when he introduced them to the inhabitants of "Shirley Hall Asylum." They are equally indebted to him for the new and striking circle of acquaintance into which he now enables them to enter. Doctor Austin is a physician who opens his house to nervous and eccentric patients whose aberrations of intellect have not yet arrived at the climax of actual insanity; and Mr. Gilbert's present volumes contain the strange records of the various delusions which possess the minds of the doctor's "Guests," as they are styled by a delicate euphemism. A cleverer book, or one more evidently combining originality of idea with finish of execution, we have not read for many a day. Mr. Gilbert has the strangest fancies, and delights in relating with irresistible gravity extravagances wilder than the most indigestible of pork-chops would supply to the ordinary mind. It is difficult to conceive from what limbo of follies he draws the plausible absurdities in the careful analysis of which he seems to revel. Every one of Doctor Austin's Guests is the victim of some extraordinary delusion. Each of them suffers from some twist of the mind; the brain of each has been warped by the influence of some dominant idea, or weakened by some sudden shock; and all their whims and vagaries, their fond conceits, and their real and fictitious complaints, are described with the most artistic skill, or interpreted with the most conscientious faithfulness. The imaginary narrator of their several stories is a scientific inventor who has discovered a method of accumulating force to a degree which would ultimately enable him, if he should be so inclined, to destroy the universe. Horrified at the idea of thus engaging in conflict with the Creator, and assured that the suggestion must

\* The Sixth Centenary Festival of Dante Alighieri, in Florence and at Ravenna. By a Representative. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. Florence and Turin: Hermann Loescher.

\* Doctor Austin's Guests. By William Gilbert, Author of "De Profundis," &c. Two vols. London: Strahan.



emanate from the enemy of mankind, he is glad to take refuge from temptation in the peaceful home to which he is invited by Dr. Austin. There he meets a strange band of guests, each of whom has a story to tell which proves well worthy of a listener's attention. Among others, he falls in with a couple of rival inventors, one of whom has patented a wonderful but unfortunately ruinous method of using salt water instead of fuel, while the other prides himself upon having discovered the means whereby "to concentrate eternity." Each of the three dilates in turn upon his theme, around which he has woven a thread of crazy theories, and sets forth with the most scientific gravity the merits of his fanciful discovery. Each of them, also, differs from the other two, and most reasonably disputes the practicability of their schemes, while he enlarges in the wildest manner upon the feasibility of his own crack-brained proposition. A quarrel naturally ensues, putting an abrupt end to the enjoyment of "a scientific evening," the record of which affords some of the most amusing pages in the book. Equally interesting is the account of the troubles in which "The Old Maid" is involved, owing to the temporary want of memory which follows an experiment made upon her by a peripatetic professor of electrobiology. Another strange story is that of a young lady in whose case a sudden shock produces blindness, and whose cure is brought about by remedies skilfully applied to what the doctor discovers is a mental rather than a physical malady. Of a graver and more tragical nature is the story of a rascally attorney, who thrives for years by taking advantage of all the unfair means with which the law can supply him; but who, in his old age, is driven distracted by a species of "Banquo's ghost," which deprives him of his natural rest, destroys the balance of his mind, and at last allures him on to self-murder. One of the strangest of the whims gravely described by Mr. Gilbert is that of an unfortunate gentleman who imagines that, as years pass by, he is gradually becoming younger, and who plagues an elderly lady with addresses which cause her infinite annoyance. His is the least possible of all the wild theories propounded by the crotchety guests who meet around Doctor Austin's hospitable table, having an air of burlesque about it, while the others are evidently conceived in a spirit of almost terrible earnestness. Some of them bear forcible witness to the thinness of the partitions which divide great wit from madness, and others supply a subject for meditations of a very sombre cast to all who are in the habit of observing the connection between the mind and the body, and of speculating upon the effect which sorrow and fear have upon the mental and physical health of those on whom they are suddenly brought to bear. To the physiologist and the psychologist Mr. Gilbert's volumes ought to be welcome, teeming as they do with original suggestions and ingenious ideas, while they deserve to be hailed with delight by the general reader, as well on account of the exciting nature of the stories they contain as of the skill with which those stories are told, the excellence of the language in which they are conveyed, and the dramatic power evinced in their narration. If they do not become universally popular, they will at least be certain to obtain the suffrages of the more thoughtful portion of the reading public. Mr. Gilbert does not cater for the indiscriminating appetite of the ordinary devourer of novels, nor will his writings prove quite satisfactory to the jaded palate craving coarse and vicious condiments; but wherever a healthy and refined taste is found, there the fare which he offers is not likely to prove unacceptable.

#### WEALTH AND WELFARE.\*

"MISUNDERSTANDINGS are fearful things; they grow up so fast, and divide hearts so sadly." This is the moral of "Wealth and Welfare," prettily and touchingly made out. If we are not greatly deceived by the author's style, this story is the work of a woman's pen; but it might have been written by the pastor of a Lutheran flock in one of the Bernese valleys, where the scene is laid. Only, in the latter case, it would be difficult to account for so perfect a rendering into English as the book would then represent. Jeremiah Gotthelf, the name given on the title-page as that of the author, smacks too strongly of the pseudonym to be entirely trustworthy. By whomsoever written, however, we regard it as an extremely interesting work of fiction; one which, we have little doubt, will give pleasure to all readers capable of enjoying a novel of character and reflection. Plot, there is hardly any in it, in the sense of elaborately developed incident; but it contains several scenes of deeply pathetic interest, and a number of strikingly dramatic situations. For a long time we have not read a book in which the style was at once so fresh and individual, without being forced. The two volumes are a perfect little mine of shrewd observation; and while the author never for a moment obtrudes himself, there is throughout a constant suggestion of the character of his own mind. As we have intimated, the scene of the story is laid in a Bernese valley. The personages are all of the class of farmers, and their feelings, habits of life, and modes of thought, are presented with graphic power. A strange and anything but pleasant picture of society is brought before the reader. All the evils of a restricted method of living—the meanness, selfishness, and low cunning, inevitable in a community living, as it were, by and for itself alone—are forcibly indicated; but a fair balance is struck between these and the virtues which equally belong to isolated communities. Whatever may be the meanness and cunning of the Bernese farmer, he has his affections as well as men of larger

intelligence and more cultivated sympathies; and the author of "Wealth and Welfare" has set these in the best light while producing a portrait characterized by perfect faithfulness of drawing. The core of the story we have already suggested. A husband and wife come to misunderstand one another, and the shadow of their disagreement widens and deepens till it overspreads their whole family, and threatens to blight every soul that comes within its influence. But the threatened catastrophe is averted by the wiser nature of the wife being allowed to intervene. The step by step growth of distrust and antagonism is minutely, but at the same time largely, exhibited by the author. The chapter entitled "The Happy Custom Interrupted," in which the husband and wife, under the blinding cloud of their misunderstanding, for the first time go to rest without praying together, is extremely pathetic. The general tone of "Wealth and Welfare" is a sad one; but—in chapters like that to which we have just referred especially—a delicacy of sentiment is apparent which prevents it from being gloomy. There is, indeed, a good deal of quiet humour and smartness of a peculiar kind exhibited by the writer in the course of the two volumes—a something which reminds us of George Eliot in "Adam Bede," without for an instant suggesting imitation. We have marked a large number of quaint sayings and happily-turned observations. The following is characteristic:—

"The words that fall upon the ears of servants meet with no barren soil, but rather one in which they can spring up a thousandfold, and when sprung up they are not stationary, like wheat or any other crop of the kind, but they wander from house to house, and sow themselves in other ears that stand open day and night. There is another remarkable peculiarity, too, about servants' ears. In some respects it would be the grossest injustice to say that they are ears that hear not, for they sometimes hear a hundred yards off, through closed doors and solid walls, and yet there are things to which they remain hopelessly impervious, and you may tell them these a hundred times a day, and find no trace of them on the morrow. Curious, indeed, but common, these anomalies."

Possibly "Wealth and Welfare" may prove to be too delicate a dish to touch the general palate; we recommend it, however, to those who still preserve a taste for what is delicate in books of light reading.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.\*

THE events of the Thirty Years' War have, for some time past, formed almost a standing topic in the current literature of Germany, and have been rather frequently touched upon by writers in other countries. They have been brought before the public in the shape of novels, historical sketches, biographies, and alarming leading articles. This literary phenomenon being considered by many as an ominous sign, gave rise to vague apprehensions, which assumed a definite shape upon the breaking out of the last war, threatening to all appearance to become a seven, thirty, or any other number of years' war. This danger has, at least for the present moment, fortunately passed over; but the literary productions have remained. One of these lies before us, in the shape of an historical novel. Herr Heinrich Laube, once upon a time harassed by German Governments as one of the founders of liberal and aspiring Jungdeutschland, and now comfortably settled as the *intendant* of the Imperial "Hofburg-Theater," has published a serial work under the general title of "Der Deutsche Krieg." It contains nine volumes, but has judiciously been divided into three separate parts. The third and last, which has recently appeared, is called "Herzog Bernhard." Duke Bernhard of Weimar was one of the most conspicuous heroes of the Thirty Years' War, and not even Pappenheim or Gustavus Adolphus excelled him in impetuous valour. He was at the same time an able statesman; but, above all, a staunch German patriot. If a fatal illness had not prematurely ended his life—he died at the age of thirty-five—the Swiss patrician Von Erlach would not have been in a position to hand over Alsace to the French. His sudden death gave rise to an ugly rumour that he was poisoned through the agency of Richelieu. Herr Röse, the biographer of Duke Bernhard, has refuted that charge; still, it is not quite improbable that Goethe alluded to the same imputation, when declining to write the life of the Weimarian Duke on the ground that "he found a hitch in it." But in whatever circumstance the "hitch" for the truth-loving author may have consisted, the imaginative novelist evidently saw none in the life and death of the valiant duke. Herr Laube has devoted the whole of the first volume to Duke Bernhard's sojourn at Paris—to his diplomatic negotiations with the shrewd Richelieu, and to

\* Herzog Bernhard. Historischer Roman in Zwei Bänden. Von Heinrich Laube. Leipzig: Haessell. London: Nutt.

Altadelige Haus- Hof- und Familiengeschichten. Roman von H. von Maltitz. Zweite Abtheilung: Das gräfliche Haus Rottorf. Berlin: O. Janke. London: Asher & Co.

Denkwürdigkeiten des Landgrafen von Hessen-Kassel. Mit einer Einleitung von Dr. K. Bernhardt. Kassel: Freyschmidt. London: Asher & Co.

Westphalen, Etc. Biographische Skizze von F. O. W. H. von Westphalen. Berlin: Geheime Ober-Hofbuchdruckerei. London: Asher & Co.

Die Geheimnisse des sächsischen Cabinets. Band II. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

Unsere Zeit. Monatschrift zum Conversations-Lexikon. Herausgegeben von Rudolf Gottschall. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Trübner & Co.

Shakespeare's Staat und Königthum. Von Benno Tschischwitz. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

Friedrich Bodenstedt's Gesammelte Schriften. Berlin: Geheime Ober-Hofbuchdruckerei. London: Nutt.

Dr. Martin Luther's Briefwechsel. Herausgegeben von Dr. Burkhardt. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

\* Wealth and Welfare. By Jeremiah Gotthelf. Two vols. London: Strahan.



his romantic courtship of the youthful Princess of Rohan. The character of the great French diplomatist is exceedingly well drawn, and so is that of his niece, the Duchess of Aiguillon. The second and last volume lacks the artistic finish of the first; it is rather fragmentary in its execution, and gives the reader an impression that the author has been anxious to come to a precipitate close, not unlike an orator who has dwelt too long upon the exordium of his speech, and is obliged to wind up with a rambling *finale*. On the whole, we were less pleased with Herr Laube's "Herzog Bernhard" than we were with "Waldstein" (as the author rather affectedly calls the famous Generalissimo Wallenstein) which forms the second part of the "Deutsche Krieg." We may, however, safely recommend the whole of this serial work—which is written in a pure and elegant style—to those readers who are fortunate enough to have sufficient leisure and patience to peruse nine volumes of fiction.

Herr Maltitz has also favoured the public with a political novel, but without an historical background. It is the second part of a serial work, bearing the general title, "Altadelige Haus- Hof- und Familiengeschichten," or, more briefly, "Aristocratic Tales from Domestic and Court Life." We have the second part before us, entitled "Das gräfliche Haus Rottorf" ("Count Rottorf's Family"). The main plot is based upon a Court intrigue, aiming at the annexation of a petty German State, whose rightful sovereign is under age, by the king of a neighbouring country, who is the guardian of the prince. The latter is represented as an idiot, and placed under lock and key, through the agency of Count Rottorf. His daughter saves the young prince, who, in the natural course of romantic development, falls in love with her, and marries her. The prince's liberation is, however, the cause of Count Rottorf's disgrace, and his ultimate death. The impression left on the mind of the reader in seeing the happiness of the daughter established on the ruin of the father, is a very painful one, and we think that an additional blessing would result from the wholesome annexations now carried out in Germany, if, by the deposition of the princelets and kinglets, all pretence for writing novels similar to that before us were removed.

The memoirs of one of the members of the recently ousted dynasties have lately been published in Germany, and will afford the reader far more amusement than most of the voluminous works of fiction. We allude to the memoirs of the Landgrave Karl of Hesse Cassel, younger son of Frederick II., Duke Elector of that country, and of the Princess Mary, fourth daughter of George II. The Landgrave, who originally dictated his memoirs in French, relates the events of his life in a lively and exceedingly attractive manner. His connection with the Court of Denmark, and his participation in the Seven Years' War, in which he served with great distinction under Frederick the Great, furnishing interesting matter enough, and the tone of the whole publication being frank and original, we must concur with Dr. Bernhardt, the editor of the memoirs, in hoping that the Hessian Government will allow the publication of the remaining portion, which still lies buried in the State archives—a hope which has now some chance of being realized, the Hessian Government being the Prussian Government.

The biography of a less brilliant, although perhaps more active and influential, co-operator in the Seven Years' War, was published by the late Prussian Minister of State, Herr von Westphalen. Sacred feelings of filial piety actuated the former member of the reactionary Manteuffel Cabinet to write the life of his grandfather, Herr C. H. P. von Westphalen, who was private secretary to Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick. In spite of his apparently humble position, he may be said to have exercised the functions of a minister in the State affairs and of a chief of the Staff in the war councils of the Duke. He was a remarkable instance of the fact, hardly ever acknowledged by official military men, that a civilian may be an excellent tactician without having obtained any professional training whatever, just as a man who has not received any regular education may be a first-rate poet. Westphalen was an admirable general and an ingenious strategist, without ever having drawn a sword or led a troop to battle. After the peace—or, as some prefer saying, in consequence of recent events, the armistice of Hubertsburg—this remarkable man retired from public life, and all we know of his activity during the following period of his existence, which lasted about thirty years, is, that he received an annuity of £200 from the English Government, that the Emperor of Germany raised him to the dignity of "Reichsritter" (knight of the empire), that the Duke of Brunswick bestowed upon him the title of "Landdroste," or country squire, and that he devoted a considerable portion of his time to the cultivation of cabbages. Such a remarkable man—remarkable both for his eminent services in times of public commotion, and his voluntary retirement in times of public peace—certainly deserves a biography, and a far better one than his grateful grandson has produced in his involuntary retirement from public life. There is a certain official dryness about the manner in which the ex-Minister has treated his interesting subject. Under the touch of more skilful literary hands, the biographical sketch, which is now valuable for the sake of the subject-matter only, would have become more attractive to the general reader.

Those who take an interest in the History of the Seven Years' War, will find in the Diaries of the Duke of Brunswick, written by his private secretary Westphalen, and published some years ago by the above-mentioned ex-Minister, an authentic account of the Duke's military operations from 1759 to 1763. The contents of these Diaries will prove of considerable value for the historian.

Although they have not been published with a view to revealing important State or other secrets, they throw a new light on the Duke's influential co-operation in the war. We cannot pronounce the same favourable judgment on another work which has recently been published with great ostentation, and which pretends to reveal the "Secrets of the Saxon Cabinet"—of course, not to the detriment of the Government of Saxony, but to that of Prussia. We briefly mentioned in the general review of current German literature contained in our issue of June 23rd, the first volume of this work, which attracted considerable attention in Germany on account of the then approaching contest between Prussia and Austria. The second volume, coming after the storm, will probably pass unnoticed, the publication being now a kind of anachronism. We will not deny that the work is a good contribution to the documentary History of the Seven Years' War; but this is all the praise we can bestow upon it. The author's principal object to show that the alleged futility of Prussia's aspiration, inaugurated by Frederick the Great, to establish her supremacy in Germany, has been disproved by recent events, and especially by the general feeling of approbation with which the majority of the Germans regard the results of those events. Even persons who do not admire the great Frederick in the hero-worshipping fashion of Carlyle, acknowledge, to use the words of the *Literarisches Centralblatt*, that "he laid the legitimate foundation of the new turn of events which has lately taken place in the destinies of Germany." The learned biographer of Frederick finds, of course, no favour with the author of the "Geheimnisse des sächsischen Cabinets," which circumstance will probably cause him very little concern; but he will certainly be highly gratified should he chance to read the "Juli-Heft" of "Unsere Zeit," a monthly supplement to Brockhaus' "Conversations Lexicon," edited by the eminent critic Rudolf Gottschall. The number alluded to contains a masterly sketch of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle, from the pen of Dr. Friedrich Althaus, who some time ago contributed an excellent paper to the same review on Thackeray. The essay on Carlyle contains such sound critical views on his works, and so many new facts concerning his life, that any future biographer would do well to use the paper by Dr. Althaus as one of his sources.

There is hardly an author out of Germany who has, even approximately, deserved as much of German literature as Carlyle. The attention which has of late years been paid in this country to the literature of Germany is, in a great measure, owing to him. Still, this attention is far from equalling that which is given by the Germans to English literature. Shakespeare alone furnishes them with an inexhaustible subject for study and criticism, and we scarcely ever receive a list of new German publications without finding one or more new works on Shakespeare announced there. Among those of recent date is a curious production, called "Shakespeare's Staat und Königthum," which, in consideration of the contents, we would freely translate, "Shakespeare a Royalist." It is written by—we must declare ourselves irresponsible of any misprint in the following name—Herrn Benno Tschischwitz, with a view to prove, by the "Lancaster-Tetralogy," that Shakespeare was a staunch Royalist. The Lancaster dramas alone, the author avers, contain the poet's maturest views about State and Royalty—views which are founded upon a regular and well-digested system. The author develops his idea with considerable force of argument, and his critical analysis bears the stamp of ingenious and deep thought; but we are sceptical of any attempt to fix Shakespeare's opinions either in politics or religion, supposing him even to have entertained very positive views on the one subject or the other.

The attention paid by the Germans to the literary productions of foreign countries is also of considerable advantage to other nations. How many Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians are there who understand the horrible language of Russia? Yet Russian literature—if the scanty productions of the Russian mind really deserve that comprehensive name—contains some works worth knowing. Thanks to the catholic taste of the Germans, we are made acquainted, through their own vernacular, with almost every Russian production of more than ordinary value. It is true we by this means receive the poetry of Russia at second-hand only; nevertheless we can form some idea both of its tendency and its merits. Herr Bodenstedt's versions of the two principal Russian poets, Puschkin and Lermontoff, are contained in the fifth and sixth volumes of his "Collected Works" now in course of publication. Although both poets have been to some extent imitators of Goethe and Byron, and consequently lack originality, the charm of novelty is still attached to their poems, on account of the thoroughly Russian background of their descriptions of nature, and the Slavonic drapery of their characters. To those who wish to form some idea of Russian poetry by means of one or two works, we can particularly recommend Puschkin's romance in verse, called "Eugen Onägin," and Lermontoff's "Rittmeisterin." The translation deserves to be highly commended. Herr Bodenstedt is one of the best German translators, and, if he does not impart to his renderings the same terseness and vigour which we find in Ferdinand Freiligrath's versions from the English, it is simply because the latter is the greater poet.

Before concluding this article, we must call the attention of our readers to a very important recent publication. It is nothing less than an ably edited "Correspondence of Luther," containing about 300 hitherto unpublished letters. Dr. Burkhardt, the learned editor of this work, has very judiciously included the letters addressed to Luther, and thus made the Correspondence complete. He has supplied the missing link of the Reformer's Voluminous



Correspondence, edited by De Wette, and subsequently enlarged and improved by Seidemann. By giving the letters of one writer only, the Correspondence has the character of answers to which the questions are wanting; but by giving both letter and reply, the work becomes intelligible. We are for the present precluded from entering into any critical details concerning this new epistolary contribution to the history of the Reformation; but we may safely state that Dr. Burkhardt's "Briefwechsel" of Martin Luther will be found an indispensable supplement to the collected works of the great Reformer.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Remarks on the Mysore Blue-Book, with a Few Words to Mr. R. D. Mangles.* By Major Evans Bell, late of the Madras Staff Corps, Author of "The Mysore Reversion," &c. (Trübner & Co.)—We have on previous occasions, in noticing works by Major Bell on the Mysore case, expressed a decided opinion that he is advocating the cause of justice and political morality in urging the claims of the Rajah to a restitution of the province which he formerly reigned over, but from which, several years ago, he was suspended by the Anglo-Indian Government. As long as that restitution continues to be denied, we cannot be surprised that the Major should seize every fresh opportunity for bringing the matter before the attention of the home public; and of late two circumstances have occurred, having a serious bearing on the future course of events. These are, as Major Bell points out, the Rajah's formal and public adoption of a son on the 18th of June, 1865, and the appearance of the Papers relating to Mysore, moved for by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the House of Commons, on the 27th of February, 1866. How far the Rajah's adoption of a son will be recognised by the opponents of his claim as an argument in favour of restitution, may be doubtful, as politicians of that class have always strongly resisted the practice of adoption by native princes; but it will strengthen the case of the advocates of justice, since it appears that Lord Canning only consented to our continued usurpation of Mysore under the impression that the Rajah did not wish to adopt a son, and would bequeath his dominions to the British Government. In the thick pamphlet before us, Major Bell has summarized the more important evidence contained in the Blue-Book—of course from his own point of view, but with ability and knowledge. We quite agree with the concluding sentences of his preface, in which he advocates restitution to the Rajah of the rights from which he has so long been withheld:—"The generous concessions of the Sovereign, in a time of peace and prosperity, do not produce an impression of weakness, but of strength and confidence. And a great work of restitution may easily be conducted as a Royal act of grace and favour, so as to convey no ostensible censure or reproof to those who have hitherto opposed it. The real political danger in India is not what it has been recently represented. The danger is, not that the Viceroy's authority will be despised, but the Queen's. There is no danger that the tributary and protected Princes and their Ministers and adherents will learn to look for orders to London instead of Calcutta in ordinary matters. The danger is that if, in their extraordinary emergencies, an appeal to Great Britain is found to be nugatory, they may say in their despair, 'There is no Imperial Power; there is no Parliament; there is no Sovereign over us; there is only a Collector.'"

*A Plea for Tolerance toward our Fellow-Subjects in Ireland who profess the Roman Catholic Religion.* With a Prefatory Letter addressed to his Excellency the Earl of Kimberley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. By Orlando T. Dobbin, LL.D., Vicar Nominatus of Boyle. (Longmans & Co.)—The letter to Lord Kimberley by which this pamphlet is prefaced was written before the late change of Government, and therefore while his Lordship yet held the Viceroyalty of Ireland. Dr. Dobbin is a Protestant churchman, and so emphatic are his religious views that, according to his own words, "if all the world were to turn Roman Catholic," he would "stand alone" on the side of the Reformed faith. Yet he pronounces a very high eulogium on the virtues of the Roman Catholic peasantry, and speaks warmly of the many good qualities of the priesthood, to whose constant opposition to revolution he attributes no small part of the security of our rule in Ireland, and the comparative ease with which the Government put down the Fenian conspiracy. It may seem rather late in the day to enter an elaborate plea for tolerance in any part of the British dominions; but Dr. Dobbin makes a distinction between "tolerance" and "toleration," the latter having been secured by the Act of 1829, and his protest is therefore "rather against infringement of the spirit of that Act than against any violation of the Act itself." There can be no doubt that in Ireland sectarian animosity exists to an extreme degree, and that an amount of bigotry is evinced—more especially of Protestants towards Papists—of which we in England have little conception. This is in a great measure the result of the unhappy fact that the Established religion is the faith of the minority, and that it is only by vehement antagonism that it can maintain itself as the politically dominant creed. The coarse and insulting modes of proselytism mentioned by Dr. Dobbin are certainly most reprehensible, and it is no denial of Protestantism, but rather the fulfilment of its spirit, to denounce them.

*The Throne of David: from the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom.* By the Rev. J. H. Ingram, LL.D. With Eight Illustrations. (Virtue Brothers & Co.)—Though not so stated, we suppose that this is a new edition, for some prefatory matter bears date "January 26, 1860." The work is not a history, as might be inferred from the title, but is a kind of Scriptural romance, written in the form of letters, on the plan of the same author's "Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage," which we noticed in the LONDON REVIEW some months ago. Dr. Ingram states that his design is to develop the history of the Hebrew people in three distinct works, and that the present volume is an attempt to illustrate the grandeur of Hebraic history when the race had attained, under David and Solomon, the height of its power and glory. As in "The

Pillar of Fire," the details of ancient manners are worked up with much industry and skill; but the general effect is heavy and formal, though we can understand that, for a certain class of readers, who are too "good" to enjoy secular novels, yet who require to be amused as well as other people, the story is very well adapted.

*A. M. D. G. The Divine Liturgy of Our Father among the Saints, John Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople.* Done into English, with some Prefatory Notes, and the Original Greek of the Open Parts. (Masters.)—We of Western Europe know so little of the Eastern or Greek Church that this little volume will be regarded as a curiosity. It contains a translation of the Greek Liturgy, and is intended as a practical manual for travellers and others who may be present at a Greek service. The author, in his preface, mentions the fact that the rites of the Eastern Church prevail among about seventy millions of Christians, distributed through Greece, Turkey, the Danubian Principalities, Russia, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Georgia, Siberia, and Russian America. This is not a body to be disregarded.

*The Progressive English Grammar, with Exercises.* By Walter Scott Dalgleish, M.A. Edin., Vice-Principal of Dreghorn College, &c. (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.)—Mr. Dalgleish aims in this work at leading the pupil progressively from the simplest elements of English Grammar to the most advanced stage. The treatise is simply, rather than scientifically, constructed, and passes from clear and brief explanations to more elaborate expositions. The Fourth Part contains some account of the history of the language and of its grammatical development; and the Anglo-Saxon inflections are added in an appendix. The whole seems to be done carefully and well.

*Ecce Homines! or, a Life's Quest.* (Adams & Francis.)—We have here a small volume of poems, with a strong religious feeling running throughout. The writer appears to be a Roman Catholic, and is very scornful of the right of private judgment. Some earnest and impressive things in his book are mingled with a good deal of verbiage, and we cannot say that the "Life's Quest" results in anything very noticeable.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

SOME "Recollections of Charles Lamb" are published in the last number of *Notes and Queries*. The writer, in his youthful days, knew Lamb at Enfield and Edmonton. He dates from Brussels, and signs his communication "T. W." Most readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that "Alice W— was not Lamb's sole passion." It appears that, at a much later period of his life, he was again smitten; but, says "T. W.," discreetly, "as the lady who inspired this affection may still be living, it were premature to speak of it in detail." Among other statements in the letter is one to the effect that Lamb used to have the bindings of his old books mended by a cobbler when they became too bad to hold together. His new books—even the works of his familiar friends—he would give away, often throwing them over the garden wall into the premises of "T. W.," who lived next door. The young writer was frequently invited into the cottage of the Lambs, to spend an evening with the famous ones of those days. "Of the discourse of these *dii majores*," he writes, "I have no recollection now; but the faces of some of them I can still partially recall. Hazlitt's, for instance, keen and aggressive, with eyes that flashed out epigram. Tom Hood's, a Methodist parson's face: not a ripple breaking the lines of it, though every word he dropped was a pun, and every pun roused a roar of laughter. Leigh Hunt's, parcel genial, parcel democratic, with as much rabid politics on his lips as honey from Mount Hybla. Miss Kelly's, plain, but engaging. (The most unprofessional of actresses, and unspoiled of women: the bloom of the child on her cheek, undefaced by the rouge, to speak in a metaphor.) She was one of the most dearly welcome of Lamb's guests. Wordsworth's, farmerish and respectable, but with something of the great poet occasionally breaking out, and glorifying forehead and eyes. Then there was Martin Burney, ugliest of men, hugest of eaters, honestest of friends. I see him closeted with Mary Lamb, reading the Gospel of St. John for the first time. And Sheridan Knowles, burly and jovial, striding into Lamb's breakfast-room one spring morning—a great bunch of May-blossom in his hand. And George Darley, scholar and poet—slow of speech and gentle of strain: Miss Kelly's constant shadow in her walks amongst the Enfield woodlands." Another correspondent of *Notes and Queries* has some remarks on the grave of Lamb at Edmonton, the very poor verses on the head-stone of which greatly annoy him. As he was looking at the stone a short time ago, he heard a little girl of ten say to her companions, "That gentlemen is at the grave of Charles Lamb, the famous poet."

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls attention to the ruinous condition of Hucknall-Torkard Church, in which the remains of the Byron family (including those of the poet) are deposited.

Mr. Dickens, in the last number of *All the Year Round*, has struck a good strong blow—straight from the shoulder, and as rapid as a bullet from a rifle—against the gentlemanly rogues who bribe the ungentlemanly ditto to return them to Parliament. The writer of an article on "Clubs and Club-men," alluding to the fact that the members of Parliament belonging to the Cocoa-Tree Club in St. James's in Horace Walpole's time used to take heavy bribes for their votes, remarks:—"In these days, members of Parliament bribe; a hundred years ago they were bribed." To this passage Mr. Dickens appends the following note:—"The Conductor of this Journal believes the briber to be, in most cases, quite ready to be bribed." There can be no doubt about it; yet the point seems never to have been noticed before. Henceforth let us regard our bribers as only the bribed in grain.

The *Inquirer* (Unitarian newspaper) says:—"It has been well known in literary circles for some time past, that, on the withdrawal of Professor Hoppus from the chair of mental philosophy and logic in University College, London, Mr. Martineau's name at once occurred to the principal friends of the College as that of the most fitting person to succeed to the vacant professorship. Urged by numerous influential friends, we understand that Mr. Martineau at once offered himself



as a candidate. His claim was warmly supported by the Senate, consisting of the professors of the college, presided over by Mr. Crabb Robinson, who, we believe, unanimously recommended Mr. Martineau to the council, the real governing body of the college. It seems, however, that considerable opposition was offered, even by some Unitarians, to the appointment of Mr. Martineau, and apparently it will not take place.

The Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, M.A., has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society a collection of Poems on Manners and Morals, in the Scotch dialect, of about A.D. 1500, from the same MSS. from which the "Lancelot du Lac" was edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.

Herd's "Chronicle of Four Reigns"—only two copies of which exist—is about to be printed for the Roxburghe Club, by Mr. S. Watson Taylor. The owner of the manuscript is Sir Thomas Winnington, M.P.

Mr. Alfred Tennyson is, it is said, engaged on a new poem, to be published early next year.

Under the title of "Hotten's Library of Worldwide Authors," a series of works is announced, which for cheapness and quantity has not yet been equalled. Hitherto, one shilling has been accepted as the minimum price at which good authors could be read; but now we are to have the best works of Fielding, Smollett, Sir Walter Scott, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and other famous writers, complete and unabridged, printed in very clear type, on good paper, and of portable size, at sixpence each! Sir Walter Scott's novels, "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Monastery," "Kenilworth," "Old Mortality," "The Pirate," and "Rob Roy," from the author's original editions, are now being issued as the first instalment of this new popular series.

Dr. Pusey is about to follow up his celebrated "Eirenicon" by another volume, which will shortly appear, entitled, "Cannot Rome Give Authoritative Explanations which the English Church can Accept?"

The Church of the Venerable Bede, at Jarrow, has been restored and reopened.

Longfellow's new volume of Poems, "The Flower-de-Luce" (says *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record*), will be published this autumn, as well as his translation of Dante. Whittier, of whose "Snow-bound" 20,000 copies have been sold, will soon publish "The Tent on the Beach, and other Poems." Bayard Taylor's poem, "The Picture of St. John," is now passing through the press. A revised and complete edition of the English poet, T. K. Hervey's works, will shortly appear at Boston, the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, having secured the copyright both in England and America. Of Saxe's recent volume, "The Masquerade," &c., 5,000 copies have been sold. Owen Meredith's new volume is to be republished in Boston; and Robert Buchanan's "London Poems" are to have the same honour.

General Lee has nearly ready for publication his "History of the Campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia, from its Organization to its Dissolution."

The American News Company has in the press a novel by Mr. Henry Morford, entitled "Utterly Wrecked."

The degree of Doctor of Laws has been conferred by the New York University upon Professor Charles D. Cleveland, author of several works upon English and American literature, editor of "Milton," &c.

The *New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal*, which was discontinued in 1861, has just been recommenced.

Messrs. James Greenwood and Ernest Grisct are engaged on a companion volume to "The Hatchet-throwers." It will be called "Legends of Savage Life."

Mr. BENTLEY will shortly publish a work on Spain, by Lady Herbert of Lea, and a cookery-book by Lady Llanover.

The fourth volume of Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe's "History of France, from Clovis and Charlemagne to the Accession of Napoleon III.," will be published in October.

A new work entitled "Sound" is preparing for publication, consisting of the Course of Six Lectures on Sound delivered in 1866, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, by John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution and in the Royal School of Mines.

The third volume of Professor Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology" is nearly ready, and will complete the work, as originally announced, in three volumes.

A new elementary work, entitled "Outlines of Physiology," by John Marshall, F.R.C.S., Lecturer on Anatomy in the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, is nearly ready, in 1 vol.

"The Elements, an Investigation of the Forces which determine the Position and Movements of the Ocean and Atmosphere," is the title of a new work by William Leighton Jordan, now preparing for publication, in 2 vols.

Messrs. RIVINGTONS have the following works in the press:—The concluding part of "The Annotated Book of Common Prayer," by the Rev. J. H. Blunt; "Priest and Parish," by the Rev. Harry Jones; "On Extemporaneous Preaching," by the Rev. F. Barham Zincke; "The Acts of the Deacons," by the Rev. Dr. Goulburn; "The Bampton Lectures for 1866," by the Rev. H. P. Liddon; "A Christian View of Christian History," by the Rev. J. H. Blunt; "Some Account of the Bodleian Library," by the Rev. W. D. Macray; and "A Glossary of Ecclesiastical Terms," by the Rev. Orby Shipley.

Mr. NEWBY announces for immediate publication—"A Narrative of a Journey to Morocco in 1863-4," by the late Thomas Hodgkin, M.D., F.R.G.S.; "A History of Irish Periodical Literature," by R. Madden, M.R.I.A., author of "Travels in the East," &c.; "Some Work of Noble Note," by W. Davenport Adams, author of "Memorable Battles in English History," &c.; "The Spas of Germany, France, Italy, &c.," by T. M. Madden, M.D., author of "Change of Climate," &c.; "Our Blue Jackets Afloat and Ashore," a novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipmen"; "Philip, the Dreamer," a novel, by the author of "Maple Hayes," &c.; "The Rival Doctors," by F. Trollope, author of "An Old Man's Secret"; "Beating to Windward,"

a novel, by the Hon. Charles Stuart Savile, author of "Leonard Normandale"; "The Master of Wingbourne," a novel; "The Story of Nelly Dillon," by the author of "Myself and My Relatives"; "Hetty Gouldworth," a novel, by George Macaulay; "Lost at the Winning-post," by the author of "A Heart Twice Won"; "New Nobility," a novel; and "Landmarks of a Life," a novel, by Miss Austin.

Messrs. CASSELL, PETTER, & GALPIN are issuing a new edition of their large Map of London, published in weekly sheets at threepence, and monthly parts, coloured, at a shilling. It is on the largest scale ever produced—nine inches to the mile; contains all the latest alterations, the new and projected lines of rail, streets and buildings in contemplation, public edifices, insurance offices, newspaper offices, &c.; and is beautifully clear and distinct.

One of the greatest of bibliographical curiosities is to be found in the collection of the Prince de Ligne, in France. The book bears the title of "Liber Passionis Nostri Jesu Christi, cum characteribus nulla materia compositis." The book is neither written nor printed, the letters being cut out of the finest parchment, but so clearly that the text can be as easily read as the best print. The patience shown in the execution of this work must have been extraordinary, especially when we take into consideration the smallness of the characters and the perfect beauty of them. The German Emperor, Rudolph II., in 1640, offered the sum of 11,000 ducats for this book—an enormous amount in those times.

The *Nouvel Illustré* publishes a letter, dated the 29th of March, 1848, to the president of a club, who had invited the writer to attend. It is a masterpiece in a few lines:—"Monsieur le Président du Club de 'l'Union,'—Vous ne voudriez pas qu'un pauvre vieux rimeur allât jouer un rôle inutile et ridicule au milieu d'une assemblée qui a besoin de jeunesse et de science, d'énergie et de talents. Rappelez-vous Newton, que les Anglais voulaient avoir dans leur Parlement. Tout grand homme qu'était celui-là, dans toute sa vie parlementaire, il ne dit que cette seule phrase: 'Fermez la fenêtre, M. l'orateur va s'enrhumer!' Moi, vraisemblablement, je ne dirais que celle-ci: 'Ouvrez la porte, je veux m'en aller!'"

M. Alexandre Dumas the elder, it is said, is about to become the editor of the paper, *Les Nouvelles*, in which he intends giving a sequel to "Monte Christo."

Amongst other French works which have just appeared, we may mention:—"La Diplomatie Vénitienne: Les Princes de l'Europe au XVIe Siècle, &c., d'après les Rapports des Ambassadeurs Vénitiens," par Armand Baschet, 1 vol. in 8vo; "Journal d'un Cuvé ligueur de Paris, sous les Trois Derniers Valois, &c.," publiés pour la première fois, et annotés par Edouard de Barthélemy, 1 vol.

A marble statue of the historian Mezeray has just been erected at Argentan (Orne).

A Spanish journal is to be started at Brussels, to be conducted by the editors of some of the suppressed Madrid journals.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys, says the *Indépendance*, is engaged in drawing up a memoir on the policy which he pursued whilst in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

"Les Pénalités Anciennes—Supplices, Prisons, et Grace, en France," is the title of an illustrated work on French law, written by M. Charles Desmazes, Counsellor to the Imperial Court, and lately published by PLOIN.

Four editions of the "Affaire Clémenceau," by Alexandre Dumas the Younger have been sold in less than two months. The fifth edition has just appeared at the house of MICHEL LEVY FRÈRES.

Under the title of "Menus Propos sur les Sciences," M. Felix Hémons has collected a series of instructive and agreeable papers on astronomy, natural philosophy, and natural history.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford (Dean), How to Study the New Testament. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Armstrong (R. & T.), Poetical Readings and Recitations. 12mo., 1s.  
 Bacon (J.), Theory of Colouring. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Bate (J.), Cyclopædia of Moral Religious Truth. 4th edit. 8vo., 15s.  
 Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information. Vol. 2. The Sciences, &c. New edit. 8vo., 15s.  
 Beveridge (Bishop), Private Thoughts on Religion. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Brett (J.), The Probate Court Guide. Fcap., 2s.  
 Bryce (J.), Family Gazetteer and Atlas. 3rd edit. 8vo., 15s.  
 Children's Hour Annual (The). Fcap., 5s.  
 Carpenter (F. B.), Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Cobbett (W.), Advice to Young Men and Women. New edit. 12mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Cooper (J. F.), The Deerslayer. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Crone (E. E.), History of France. Vol. 4. 8vo., 18s.  
 Cuzner's Handbook to Frome-Selwood. 8vo., 2s.  
 Dalgleish (W. S.), Progressive English Grammar. 12mo., 2s.  
 Donald Cameron. 18mo., 2s.  
 Dumas (A.), Twenty Years After. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Fonblanque (A.), How we are Governed. New edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Froude (J. A.), History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. Vols. 9 and 10. 8vo., 32s.  
 Great Fun Stories, by T. Hood and T. Archer. Royal 8vo., plain 6s. coloured 10s. 6d.  
 Hena: or Life in Tahiti, by Mrs. A. Hort. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 James (G. P. R.), John Marston Hall. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.  
 Lewis (H.), The English Language, its Grammar and History. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
 Literary Pearls Strung at Random. By R. A. M. Fcap., 5s.  
 Macleod (A. C.), Acheolic Diseases. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
 Macaulay (Lord), Essays. Cabinet Edition. Vol. 4. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Martin (W.), Early Educator. New edit. 18mo., 2s.  
 Meadows (L.), Dame Perkins and her Gray Mare. Cr. 4to., 5s.  
 Meredith (G.), Evan Harrington. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.  
 Napoleon, History of, by J. G. Lockhart. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
 Noad (H.), The Inductorium, or Induction Coil. 2nd edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 Nora's Trial. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Old Picture Bible (The), by Author of "Doing and Suffering." 2 vols. Imp. 18mo., 3s. 6d. each.  
 Railway Library.—Singleton Fontenoy, by J. Hannay. Fcap., 1s.  
 Sansom (A. E.), The Arrest and Prevention of Cholera. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Scott (Sir W.), Waverley Novels. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 6d. each.  
 Select Library of Fiction.—Mary Barton, by Mrs. Gaskell. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Smith (Henry), Sermons, with Memoir by T. Fuller. Vol. 2. Cr. 8vo., 4s.  
 Shallard (J. H.), The Female Casual and her Lodging. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Story (The) of Nelly Dillon. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.  
 Wedgwood (Josiah), Life of, by E. Meteyard. Vol. 2. 8vo., 21s.  
 Wilkins (H. M.), Scriptores Attici. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Wood (Mrs. H.), St. Martin's Eve. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.